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'I WATCHED AND WAITED.'—See 'M. or N.' page 78.

THE THREE OVERHEARD WHISPERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST WHISPER.

NIGHT after night the music clashed in our rear. It was very pleasant and interesting, as we lounged about in our little garden, or took coffee in the small building that served us for a summer-house. We were living in

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Paris, and, for the sake of economy, quite close to the barriers, for the rents got wonderfully cheaper as you clear away from the Champs Elysées and the Faubourg. Now close to our residence there was some place of public entertainment,

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the Salle d'Artois, I think they called it. We did not much like the proximity, but there was never any noise or disturbance, and the crash of the music through the summer air was at times pleasant enough. It is astonishing what children in respect to amusement our heroic neighbours are. In the pettiest locality they get up some parody of a theatre or some imitative Mabilles. I am bound to say, however, that our Salle d'Artois was a considerable ornament to our avenue, which converged, like many other identical avenues close by, to the main boulevard and the perpetual *rond point*. There was a revolving gate to the salle, or *jardin*, before which the inevitable gendarme lounged, and on each side there was a bowery expanse of foliage, and in the foliage were niched statues, claspedly holding lamps that shed a mild, seductive lustre. The general notion conveyed by the whole was that this illuminated pathway led you on to some ideal hall of dazzling delight; but we knew by the view from our back windows that the place was a mere barn, and that it belonged to that numerous class of entertainments of which the best part is to be seen on the outside and for nothing. A very moderate price—half a franc, I think—would give admission, and of this half franc half was to be returned to the ticket-holder in the way of *consumation*. It was, in fact, a mushroom sort of concert or casino place, of which so many spring up in the outskirts of Paris, and which provided a kind of rough entertainment for local patrons who wanted to do things cheap, and to be saved a journey into Paris.

The salle might be necessary for those people in *Les Ternes* who insisted upon some kind of amusement every night, and who, rather than not have it, would shoot for nuts or ride on horses in a whirligig. We Britishers do not require much amusement, and when we take it we like it of the very best. I don't know how often I had passed the alluring portal of the salle with its coloured lights. I don't know how

often I hadn't had the benefit of its rapid dance music. But I can truly say that the remotest intention of visiting this choice place of amusement never crossed my mind. Neither can I explain to myself up to this day how I ever came to do so.

I remember that it had been very hot all that day; that I had stopped at home trying all sorts of combinations with ice and eau de Seltz, which had the invariable effect of making things in general much hotter; that in the evening I had gone to two or three places where that day was the reception-day; that I had come back and, as my custom was, had smoked and taken coffee, looked through the '*Moniteur du Soir*' and '*Le Petit Journal*,' favourite publications in our economical quarter of the city. After that, in the cool of the evening, I took my little constitutional turn round the garden, smelling the wall-flowers that were our chief horticultural ornament. Then I paused. It was *once heures*. Being a man of regular habits, as an ordinary matter I should have gone in-doors, have tampered with my constitution with some moreiced effervescing drink, and composed myself towards slumber with a book. But the music was crashing so emphatically that, to the dismay of the concierge, who, relying on my regular habits, had gone to bed, I sallied forth into the boulevard. 'I declare,' I said to myself, 'I will look up our little salle to-night. There's nobody who will know me. And I've heard the music so often that they ought to see the colour of my money.'

Near the entrance there was a narrow lane—about a stone's throw off. I think I see it now, narrow, and so dark from the huge buildings that lined it. And in the lane that night—I remember it so well—was a private cabriolet, with a dark-coloured panel, and two servants in livery, waiting in a leisurely way, as servants wait who have waited long and have long to wait. Then I paid my coin and the enchanted portal received me. I advanced up the fairy path, which came to an abrupt termination at the first

curve. I emerged on a mere shed, uncovered and opening on a bit of ground, the general effect being entirely sordid, the sordid effect harmonizing with all the accompaniments. There was some dancing going on, of an irregular and free-and-easy kind, a few only indulging in terpsichorean vagaries, while many more, seated at little or long tables, looked critically on. Not a few men were in blouses, and some women in caps, a genuine *ouvrière* class, which had been working hard all day, steadily looking forward to their evening's relaxation. Then there were some very dressy young men, with companions equally ornamented. Cigars and cigarettes were freely going. Beer appeared to be the popular beverage—the black beer or the *bière de Strasbourg*, or that cheap fizzing beer of Paris which I suppose a good restaurant would hardly admit. Such as had Bordeaux, or *vin ordinaire*, were mollifying it with water and sugar. There were also one or two cadaverous men who even at that hour were partaking of the infernal absinthe. One young man I especially noticed, who was very quietly dressed, but whose very superior appearance seemed tacitly recognized. He was smoking a cigarette and sipping some *maraschino*.

Then the band played a fine piece of music, and played it finely too; an overture to some little-known opera of Rossini's. Afterwards one of the band went round collecting coins in a saucer—another evidence of the lowly aims of the establishment. I gave largesse, remembering that this was not the first of my obligations to the musicians. The *maraschino* man, whose offering was expected with ill-repressed anxiety, dropped in the delicate, glittering, slight five-franc gold piece. Presently a functionary announced that Mademoiselle Rose would favour the company with a song, and there was the heavy thud or knock which in France so ungracefully announces a new phase in an entertainment.

When Mademoiselle came forward I gave a start; for if ever Mademoiselle was equivalent to Miss, it was so here. And when she

began to sing, though the pronunciation was French, the accent was English. She sang sweetly, but without much force, as sentimental a French song as such an audience could be expected to bear. I watched her face with much anxiety. It was a very pretty face, and, to my pleased astonishment, it had an expression of goodness and honesty about it, on which I am afraid I had no right to count in such a place and amid such a company. Her dress was fastened up to her throat, close fitting, and very neat and simple. Her manner was altogether lady-like—not the imitation lady-like of many minor professionals, but genuinely and unaffectedly so. I confess I began to entertain a very lively feeling of interest for the young cantatrice. I thought I should be glad to make her acquaintance. My motive was entirely Platonic and philanthropic. I belong to the uninteresting order of Benedicts, and my notion was that I should like my wife to make friends with this young girl, who perhaps had no English friends, and who was certainly very unfavourably situated, and save her from what I felt must be a miasmatic moral atmosphere.

When she had finished singing, she made her curtsy and took her seat at a little table near the buffet of the salon. It appeared, then, that she was not likely to retire to a green-room—indeed it was hard to see where anything at all corresponding to a green-room might have a geographical position—but, with an opera cloak thrown over her shoulders, continued an object of public admiration. I moved towards her table, and, relying on the integrity of my intentions, was about to make a self-introduction to her. I was anticipated, however, by the gentleman whom I had noticed as the only gentleman in the place, who finished his *maraschino*, threw away his cigarette, and came over and sat by her side. She gave him a winning smile of welcome—they were evidently no strangers—and entered into that close conversation that would evidently tolerate no intrusion. They were talking

French, which she evidently understood quite well. I waited a little longer, in the expectation that she might sing again, but there were no signs that this was likely to happen. Then, as it drew towards midnight, I left the place.

But somehow I did not care to turn in even then. I paced up and down the boulevard, smoking my cigar in the balmy starlight night. Several times I passed the entry of the jardin. The people were coming out, and by-and-by they came out in a considerable number. Then I knew the entertainment was come to a close. The carriage was still standing at the entry of the dark narrow lane, but the servants were manifestly getting under weigh for departure. I went leisurely along to the end of the avenue, and then turned once more, taking the same path. The carriage had now emerged from the lane into the boulevard, but was creeping on at a very slow pace, and presently became stationary. Turning up from the boulevard into the avenue, I came suddenly on a young girl and a man close by a bench beneath some linden trees. They were not sitting, but standing. They did not vouchsafe me any notice, but I recognised at once the songstress of the evening and the gentlemanly young Frenchman. She was leaning her head on his shoulder, and sobbing grievously as if her heart would burst. To me it seemed—but the action was so momentary that I could not be sure—that he was pointing with his hand towards the carriage that was now within sight. Of course I could not venture to say a word, or even to pause, but as I walked very deliberately past them, I heard a convulsive sob, and then in English, in a low tone—quite a whisper—

'Oh, no, no! It cannot be until Friday!'

When I again turned back to resume my customary round, the door of the cabriolet was being opened by a servant, and methought it was the same young man who was entering, but I could not be certain. The young girl was sitting absorbed in thought on a bench—

not the same bench, but another higher up the avenue. With a sudden impulse I moved to address her, and respectfully raised my hat. As soon as she saw me, an expression of the greatest terror passed into her face, and she arose, and fled like lightning down the boulevard, and was soon lost amid the stems of trees.

CHAPTER II.

THE SECOND WHISPER.

I confess that, before I went to sleep that night, my mind was full of speculations on this little scene. At first I was full of commiseration about this young girl, concerning whom it was quite clear that she was lonely and that she was unhappy. Next my imaginative faculty set to work weaving a tissue of romance to suit the somewhat strange events that I had witnessed. I mentally resolved that I would make a point of dropping in at the Salle d'Artois for the next few nights, and observe how matters in general were progressing. In the morning, over the practical business of *déjeuner à la fourchette*, the little romance of last night lost all its colouring. There was nothing so remarkable that an English girl should be singing at a place of entertainment, that she should have a French sweetheart, and that her French sweetheart should make her cry. I had no business in the world to obtain a surreptitious view of those tears. Then I did not see how I could carry my evening's investigations any further. That night we were going out to dinner to meet at the apartment of some English friends who invariably kept us very late. The night following we had the offer of a private box at the Théâtre Français—an offer too good to be refused. I must postpone any inquiry, or rather let the matter drop altogether. Everybody gets familiar with the experience of letting a thing drop. There is some clue to a difficulty, but we cannot carry it out; some fresh pursuit, but we have no time to prosecute it; an interesting correspondence,

but we must give it up; a new introduction, but we cannot stay to see whither it may lead; and as grapes, hanging so high that we don't care to take the trouble of climbing for them, are probably sour, I told myself that the *salle* was a brutal hole not worth entering again, and that anything I thought remarkable about the girl was simply the result of my own frivolous fancy.

I may as well tell the reader what was my business and mode of life in Paris. I was a journalist, doing French work for English papers and English work for French papers. I occupied the dignified position of Paris correspondent to the 'Coketown Daily Press,' a flaming radical diurnal journal which was published in one of our great industrial centres. The proprietors insisted that I should give my casual conversations with great ministers of state and retail all the gossip that I might hear at the Imperial ball at the Tuileries. As a matter of fact, I very rarely went *au château*, and my visits were limited to occasions when, the court being absent from Paris, I obtained the usual order to go over the palace. Still I occasionally played a game of billiards with one of the *attachés* of our embassy, and I also knew a set of journalists to whom lists of political information occasionally oozed out. One of them, being of a metaphysical tone of mind, told me that he could 'project himself' into any political situation, and having arrived at all the data at command, he thought himself justified in making details out of his own inventive faculty. Availing myself of these hints, I proclaimed to my Coketown constituents plans of the Emperor for promoting the gradual growth of constitutionalism and the gradual approach of his frontiers to the Rhine. For the Parisian journal I edited and expounded the English news, and occasionally wrote an article on any subject of interest that might arrive.

To any one familiar with the tear and fret, the hurry and worry of a London newspaper, the change to Parisian journalism was most de-

lightful. My paper was an evening paper, and that saved the night-work. Occasionally, if it was a saint's day or *fête* day, and the workmen wanted a holiday, we omitted our usual issue, and it did not make much difference. Then the way of transacting business was highly pleasing to the journalistic temperament. The hours between eleven and one are perhaps the busiest to our nation of shopkeepers; but to the Parisians it is a time of great ease and negligence. They take their breakfasts at *cafés* and afterwards peruse the papers, sip *le petit verre*, and ogle the women that pass by. If I wanted to find my newspaper manager, M. Alphonse Kock, about midday, I knew that I had only to go to a certain *café* on the Boulevard des Italiens, and I should find him picking his grapes or smoking his cigarette with a glass of liqueur by his side. It was about noon that I thus sought *mon cher ami*, Alphonse, to see if he wanted a few paragraphs for his evening issue, or could give me any sparkling items whereby the 'Coketown Daily Express' might astonish the provincial mind.

'There's a girl run away from a convent,' he said. 'They brought a paragraph to the office last night. You English people always like to know any scandal about a convent.'

'There's a good deal of scandal about them at times,' I said, argumentatively.

'Ah yes, perhaps, poor little beggars!' said Alphonse. 'I don't think it does for us to notice this sort of thing in our paper. Catholic opinion is, after all, very strong in Paris.'

'Anything very sensational?' I inquired. 'Did the superior have her whipped and kept on bread and water? did some *gendarme*, through a grating, espy her in a dungeon? did some one pick up a piece of linen torn from her nightdress with an imploring entreaty written in blood?'

'Oh, no,' said Alphonse, laughing; 'you will not have to write another chapter of the "Mysteries of Paris"'. It is some convent where there is a

large and good school, but they don't say the name of it. If I recollect aright, it was neither novice nor nun, but some teacher, who had a right to go out a good deal, and went out one day and didn't come back. It's rather a spiteful paragraph, and calculated to get up a little scandal and gossip. But the ground won't do for us to tread on. But will you have the paragraph?

But as the paragraph did not seem to be sensational, I declined the offer, and was soon at work on the funds and the Suez Canal, and, what was a still more important matter, inquiring whether the Empress really intended to put down the chignon, a point on which Coketown would naturally feel very anxious.

So I went about my usual avocations that day, and that matter of last night had quite faded away from my mind. It was my custom in those days to go and hear the band play in the gardens of the Tuileries. This lasted from five to six o'clock. It was a pleasant conclusion to the labours of the day, and gave plenty of time to dress for dinner afterwards. You paid two sous for your chair, and then a seat was provided for you in that open circular space in the midst of which the band was stationed. You heard the music better, to be sure, and you had a seat; but the heat was not so much mitigated as if you were in one of the alleys directly under the trees. The sun was very fierce that summer day, and I was driven to give up my seat. I went to a tree where I could rest myself partially, and also peruse a programme, being, as I call myself, 'constitutionally tired,' which my enemies construe as being 'habitually lazy.' In the path behind me two ladies were pacing restlessly about. Once or twice they would pause apparently to listen to the music, and then at once they resumed an eager conversation with which the music had nothing to do. I confess that I had a momentary feeling of irritation against these ladies. If people don't care for music why do they come to musical places?

They were my own countrywomen, and I morosely thought that only English people would be guilty of such bad taste. What business had they there chatting and jabbering instead of listening to the music?

Paris was at this time overflowing with English visitors, though many of the French residents were away. The Legislative sittings were just coming to a conclusion. But as these two Englishwomen once more promenaded down the path, they hardly appeared to be summer visitants belonging to any excursion of pleasure. I had done them an injustice. It was not mere 'chat and jabber,' as I had termed it. On the face of at least one of them there was an expression of terrible anxiety. The eye was wild, and the arm wildly struck out almost in an attitude of despair. As they once more passed by me, the elder one was speaking, and I heard her say in a compressed whisper of intense emotion, '*I should break my heart if she has eloped from the convent with any Frenchman.*'

So saying, they turned abruptly from the alley, and went through a deserted path in the direction of the river.

CHAPTER III.

THE THIRD WHISPER.

The next night, my wife and I, and the young attaché, were at the Théâtre Français, at the Palais Royal, occupying a state box.

This was not one of the little amenities, as might be supposed, of journalism. The box had been lent to the embassy, and the embassy had given it to the attaché, and the attaché had placed it at our disposal, subject to the pleasant condition of his own excellent company.

It was a most delicious box, such as you often get in Paris, but never in London. The London box retreats into bareness, ugliness, and shadow; but behind the sittings in this box there was a perfect miniature little drawing-room—a salon, cosy with couches and glittering with mirrors, where any number of

one's friends might come round and chat between the acts.

The *parterre* was quite filled, not, as in the London pit, with a plentiful sprinkling of women and children, but with a critical audience of staid men, including, doubtless, a troop of *claqueurs*; but, nevertheless, sure to give eventually a clear discerning verdict on the merits of a new piece. It was a great night at the Français. There was a new piece by an eminent author, and this was also the *début* of a new pupil. Consequently, the house was completely filled, and M. Alphonse Kock and his backers were there in great force that night.

The actress was a great success; she was one who, all her industrious and innocent life, had been working for and looking forward to this night. The piece was so good that in a very brief time it was plagiarized for the London and New York stage.

In the interval between the third and fourth acts, I had taken up my lorgnette and glanced through the house, and in the stage-box I saw the aristocratic young fellow who had been talking with the pretty English singing-girl at the Salle d'Artois.

That had been on the Monday night. On the Tuesday night we had been out to dinner as I had mentioned. On Wednesday I had been concocting my lucubrations for the Coketown daily paper, which heard 'from our own correspondent' (great emphasis on the *own*), and to-day we were having this dramatic treat at the Français.

'Do you know,' I said to the attaché, 'who that man is in the upper stage-box opposite, with the bouquet, which I suppose he designs for Mademoiselle Reine?'

'Very likely,' returned my diplomatic friend. 'Papillon will be quite in love with Mademoiselle Reine. He's a terrible fellow, they say. Would you like to know him?' he continued. 'I can introduce you presently. I shall meet him at supper on the boulevards.'

'Who is he?' I said.

'Don't you know him? he be-

longs to the Jockey Club, and is quite a great man just now. His father made all his money on the Bourse; but he is aristocratic-looking enough for the Faubourg St. Germain.'

'He is one of the Imperialist lot, then, I suppose; a new man and a rich?'

'Oh yes, he is rich enough, if he doesn't gamble it all away. He has got money and his wife has money.'

'You don't mean to tell me that that young fellow is married?'

'Oh yes, he is. But when his wife has had a month or two at Paris he sends her home into Normandy, and stays on as a bachelor. Lots of men do that. Paris is so expensive that they cut the season down as much as they can.'

'Is he a nice fellow?'

'Nice enough, according to Paris notions; but not very nice according to your English notions. A selfish lot, I expect. Very gentlemanly, but all on the surface, like most of them.'

I am very punctual and domestic as a rule, but having seen this young fellow under such very different circumstances the other night, I felt a curiosity to meet him. I accordingly accepted the attaché's offer to go with him to the supper at the Maison Dorée.

I put my wife safely into the carriage which we had waiting for us, and strolled with my friend, the Honourable Mr. R—, along the boulevards to the café where we should meet Papillon. There were one or two men from the Jockey Club there, the successful dramatist of the evening, and the attaché with some diplomatic friends, who relieved the labours of the chancellerie with social relaxation at the Maison Dorée.

The supper was pleasant enough, as little Parisian suppers always are. But it is unnecessary that I should speak of it unless in reference to our gay young friend, Monsieur Papillon.

I was introduced to him, and he received me with the utmost *empresement*. His smile and his shrug were of the stereotyped Parisian character. I acknowledged, how-

ever, that his handsome face, his rich complexion, and his kindling eye would very probably make him a lady-killer, and his slightly-broken English speech, which on the whole he spoke exceedingly well, and his foreign accent would prove little hindrance to his killing English ladies. It was easy to see, from the little he said in conversation, that he was devoted to pleasure and had an utter abnegation of all principle. And so much is this the ordinary state of things in Paris, that I have sometimes wondered whether it might not be for the ultimate good of the world that Paris might be held beneath the Atlantic Ocean for a quarter of an hour.

Monsieur Papillon stared rather hard at me, as if haunted by some recollection of my face, but apparently he could not identify it. I had a momentary thought of reminding him of the Salle d'Artois; but, less from any reasonings on the subject than from an instinct, I mentally decided that it would be better not to do so.

He was certainly the most juvenile and joyous of Benedicts, and wore his married chains as lightly as if they were roses. He made one or two jocular allusions to 'madame ma femme,' stowed away safely in the department of Calvados. As supper became prolonged, Monsieur Papillon said he would send away his carriage. Presently he told one of the waiters to send his servant in to him. At once a rather ill-looking fellow entered, whom I immediately recognised as having seen the other night amusing himself with the coachman while the carriage was waiting in that dark by-street in *Les Ternes*.

Monsieur Papillon beckoned the man to him and spoke quietly a few words, in that quiet subdued tone in which people speak to servants when they do not wish to attract attention or to disturb company. Now it so happened that I sat next but one to this gentleman, my diplomatic young friend being interposed between us. I confess that I leaned back in my chair, and using him, as far as I could, as a screen, I sought to make out anything he might be

saying. The attaché spoke to me, and I gave him a mechanical answer. I strained every nerve to hear what I could of that whispered conversation. At last, slightly raising his voice, but without departing from a whisper, he said—

'Remember—the *Maison Dupont* at *Fontainebleau*.'

Soon after I departed. The fun of the party was growing too fast and furious for me. I was very married, and not able to regard connubial ties so slightly as that butterfly Papillon. It was a point of minor morals with me that I should get to bed by midnight. At midnight also the Salle d'Artois closed. Somehow there was an impulse on my mind that I would go and survey the ground and see what the pretty English singer was doing with herself.

A *voiture de remise* took me quickly, and I arrived at the suburban place of amusement a good twenty minutes before it closed. But the company was thinning, and in a moment I saw that the principal person I sought was not there. I took some refreshment, and then tried, not unsuccessfully, to imitate the ways of those people who make a point of maintaining friendly relations with waiters and proprietors, in the cafés they frequent.

'Had mademoiselle, the pretty Englishwoman, been singing that night?'

'Yes, but she was gone. She was gone at eleven hours.'

'Would she be there to-morrow night?'

'No—this was her last night. Her engagement was terminated.'

'How was that?' I asked next.

'She sang very nicely. Did not monsieur the proprietor think so?'

'Yes, certainly, she did sing very well—for an Englishwoman. But the public required novelties, and it did not do to keep the same singer long before them.'

'Had she been there very long?'

'Not very long.'

Here the man went away, and to my mind he did not seem to care to discuss the merits of the young lady

who had just passed away from his employ.

That night I looked amid the contents of the parcel which M. Kock had sent me from the office for the paragraph to which he had referred, but I could not find it.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

The next morning while I was dressing I took a sheet of paper and wrote down the three whispers which I had overheard in the course of the last three days.

They were, of course—

(a) 'Oh no, no. It cannot be until Friday.'

(b) 'I should break my heart if she has eloped from the convent with any Frenchman.'

(c) 'Remember—the Maison Dupont at Fontainebleau.'

The curious notion had somehow wrought itself into my mind that it was possible that these three overheard whispers might stand in a certain relation and connection to each other.

It was just possible, but the chances were utterly against the truth of such a theory. There was indeed a certain speciousness in the idea. It might not be difficult to invent a framework of circumstances into which these three whispers might be tessellated and inwrought. But it was much more easy to suppose that the different whispers belonged to different sets of circumstances standing in no sort of connection to each other. Of course, on any doctrine of chances, the odds were tremendously against the theory of any such correlation as I was supposing. Taking the three sentences in their chronological consecutiveness, what on earth could a Friday have to do with an elopement from a convent, and what on earth could an elopement from a convent have to do with any particular locality at Fontainebleau? And how extremely unlikely it must be that a gay, frivolous, and not over-reputable place like the Salle d'Artois could stand in any sort of connection with the staid solemnity

of a convent! I had indeed, it is true, certain information, beyond these whispers which might have a possible connection with their subject-matter. There had certainly been an escape from a convent. Here Kock's newspaper paragraph possibly corroborated and identified the second whisper. But I could not see in what possible connection the remark (b) could stand to (a) and (c). It was possible that (a) and (c) might stand in a definite relationship. The chances of a coincidence between the two were immeasurably better than the chances of a coincidence between the three. The existence of that charming gentleman Monsieur Papillon was a connecting link between the two. Was it also possible that his existence could be adumbrated in the second whisper? i.e., 'I should break my heart if she has eloped from the convent with a Frenchman.' And now the subject, which had been gradually growing on my mind, made me feel quite hot and feverish. It seemed to me that some woeful drama was being enacted that day in which, quite involuntarily, I was called upon to play a principal part. And this very day, of which the golden moments were slipping away so fast, was Friday, the day on which something was to happen, the scene of which was laid at Fontainebleau. I flung down impatiently a set of numbers, which had just come in by post, of the 'Coketown Daily Press,' although they contained some choice examples of my most careful observations and reasonings in politics.

'There is sometimes,' I said to my wife, 'a destiny in the over-hearing of whispers. Do you remember the cranes of Ibycus?'

But my wife did not recollect the cranes of Ibycus.

'Ibycus,' I said, 'was a poet, who, travelling through a wild country, fell in company with two evilly-disposed men, who set upon him to rob and murder him, in which design they succeeded only too well. The dying poet looked around for succour, but saw nothing but some cranes hovering in the air. "Oh! ye cranes," he said, "avenge Ibycus!"'

A month or two later his two murderers were in an open-air theatre, and some cranes were visible not far off. "Behold," whispered one man to another, "the cranes of Ibycus!" Now this remark was overheard. Ibycus was bound to this city, and there was surprise and consternation that he had not arrived. It was manifest that these two men, whose physiognomy was probably hardly in their favour, knew something about Ibycus. They were seized, examined separately, and the truth coming out, were both executed. Now these providential cranes brought murderers to justice. But it is manifest, my dear, that the casual overhearing of a speech was the moving cause of the discovery, though the cranes have always absorbed the credit.

'Well,' said my wife, 'your overheard whispers gave a time, which is to-day, and a locality, which is Fontainebleau. There may be something worse than murder going on. Why don't you go down to Fontainebleau to-day?'

I was astonished at the direct simplicity of this suggestion, which had not occurred to my mind.

'Because,' I answered, 'I don't see how a convent can have anything to do with Friday or with Fontainebleau.'

'But I thought you gentlemen, if you had a lot of data, did not mind having an *x* in it, but sought to solve its value in an equation.'

This was really clever in the wife, and I thought there was something clever in the notion. Still I was by no means prepared to fling away a day on spec and make perchance a bootless excursion. 'But don't wait dinner,' was my *ultimatum*, 'for after all I might go down to Fontainebleau.'

I presently gained the knifeboard of the Courbevoie omnibus and took three sous' worth of danger down to the Louvre. Then I continued to walk down the Rue Rivoli, bethinking myself that it was all in the direction of the railway station whence I must start for Fontainebleau.

But how astonished I was when, just as I had gained the beautiful tower of St. Jacques, I came upon

the very two women who had so greatly interested me in the garden of the Tuileries the day before yesterday.

Without the delay of a second I advanced to them and took off my hat. I turned to the elder one, who still had evident marks of grief and agitation on her countenance, and said—

'Madam, will you allow me to speak to you for a few minutes on a very important matter?'

She gave a little shriek. 'It must be about Clara, Mrs. Burns. Oh, sir, tell me where is my daughter?'

I asked them if they would step across the road, and enter into the little enclosure around the Tower. We sat down on one of the pleasant benches close by Pascal's statue. The air was scented with flowers, the little children were playing about with their *bonnes*, and there was the fountain's musical ripple.

'Is your daughter,' I asked, 'a tall, handsome girl—sings well—has fair hair and complexion, but dark eyes—about nineteen?'

'It must be she. It is the very same. Oh, sir! where is she?'

But I was phlegmatically obliged to say that I had not the least idea of her whereabouts.

They were so downcast at this that I ventured to explain that I thought it possible we might be put on the right track to find her. Then I soon succeeded in getting their little story from them.

The elder lady was the widow of a London merchant, who, having always kept up a costly and luxurious establishment, had left his family only poorly off, owing to a great depreciation in the value of his property. There were several daughters, and it was necessary that at least one or two of them should become governesses, which was hard upon girls who were accustomed to a gay, and rather fast life. Mrs. Burns, an Anglo-Parisian friend of Mrs. Broadhurst's, had suggested to her that her daughter should enter a Dominican convent, where a school was kept, on what are called in England 'mutual terms.' The young lady was to give lessons in English, and receive some lessons in French.

Board and lodging were to be provided for her, but no stipend was to be given. After a time Miss Clara Broadhurst grew exceedingly dissatisfied with her position. The early hours and the plain fare of the convent did not suit her. She had a great notion that she deserved a stipend. She had also a great notion that she had better go upon the stage, or that she might do well as a singer at public concerts. Although the living at the convent was so plain, and the rules so stringent, Miss Broadhurst was not called upon in any degree to be treated as a Roman Catholic inmate would be treated; and all her school work being finished in the morning, she had full range of liberty between the early dinner and the early tea. There appeared to be no doubt but a great deal of this time was spent in the Bois de Boulogne. It appeared that she had made several undesirable acquaintances in Paris, in the case of English and French ladies against whom Mrs. Burns could not actually allege anything, but of whom she disapproved as companions of the daughter of her friend. Latterly Miss Broadhurst had been dropping hints to her mother that she had an opening in life much more to her taste than teaching in a French convent. Then her letters grew rarer, and then they ceased. Later still she disappeared from the convent. She had gone out one afternoon as usual, and had never come back. It had evidently been a step studiously contemplated, for all her clothing and effects, for some days past, had gradually been in course of removal.

[I may here state, what subsequently transpired—that she had obtained an engagement to sing at the Salle d'Artois. I was never able rightly to make out whether she had formed the acquaintance of Monsieur Papillon previous to or during this musical engagement, but have reason to suspect that the former was the case.]

Mrs. Broadhurst had immediately been telegraphed for by her friend Mrs. Burns to come to Paris; and in a state almost of distraction she had been making inquiries every-

where in Paris about her daughter, but had not hitherto met with any success in the search.

Such is a brief outline of the hurried story which they told me, and they now looked impatiently towards me to see what consolation or guidance I could offer them. My own mind was in a state of utter incertitude. I was uncertain even on the question of identification—whether the girl I had seen was really the Clara Broadhurst who was missing. But here they were positive, and would allow no expression of doubt. I then told my trembling and astonished listeners that, assuming the identity, I knew that their Clara was intimate, and apparently deeply in love with a Frenchman; that I had heard her mention this present Friday to him in a way that looked like an assignation with him; that I knew that on this very day her engagement to sing in public terminated; and I also knew that on this very day the Frenchman was going down to Fontainebleau. The almost irresistible inference was that she was going to accompany him to that place. I also told them that it was my intention to go to Fontainebleau that very day; but I did not think it necessary to say that I was going there simply on account of the young lady unknown, for then they might be building still higher expectations that might prove fallacious. I discovered that if we moved off at once we should be in time for as early a train as Monsieur Papillon was at all likely to take. We caught our train, and in about three quarters of an hour I and my two sudden and unexpected companions arrived at Fontainebleau.

The reader will probably recollect that long straight road, with its rows of straight trees, between the station and the town of Fontainebleau. We looked eagerly to see who might be our companions in the train; but no one whom I could recognize alighted at the station. When we got into the town, and had alighted at an ugly-looking hotel, I persuaded them to have some refreshment, and I endeavoured to calm Mrs. Broadhurst's intense

nervous excitement. Then I lighted a cigar, and strolled about, settling our plan of operations. My first object was to discover where the *Maison Dupont* might happen to be. I easily ascertained that it was a very respectable boarding-house, kept by M. Dupont, a respectable and responsible man, situated about twenty minutes' ride from the town, on the verge of the forest. Finding that some hours must elapse before the arrival of the next train, I persuaded them to visit the palace and grounds; showed them the spot where the first Napoleon kissed the eagles, and took his farewell; showed them the pond where the third Napoleon tumbled topsy-turvy among the great carp; pointed out the Empress's gondola, which I believed was the very same that Lord Byron had used at Venice, and, in fact, exhausted all my little store of Napoleonic reminiscences. The ladies, however, were hardly in a state of mind that permitted them to do justice to my agreeable and improving vein of anecdote. I thought it best, therefore, to dismiss all notions of sight-seeing, and confine ourselves strictly to the immediate business of the day. Mrs. Broadhurst and I were immediately to proceed to the *Maison Dupont*, and Mrs. Burns was to return to the station and watch for the run-aways. It was curious how the impression that they would arrive had now become rooted in our minds.

We drove leisurely to the locality that had been indicated to me, obtaining glimpses of flowery spaces and deep forest glades. When we arrived at the *Maison Dupont*, we were ushered into the pleasant presence of Madame Dupont, and, as I had agreed with my companion, I took charge of this sufficiently difficult and embarrassing business.

I asked Madame Dupont if she had any room for any more inmates.

Madame Dupont was very full and was expecting fresh arrivals. Still there was one chamber unoccupied.

Mrs. Broadhurst at once said that she would be glad to engage the room for herself.

Might I ask who were the new arrivals? We were daily expecting some friends of ours who were going to sketch in the forest.

She thought it was for a gentleman and his sister. The name was Bertrand. Her two best bed-rooms were taken for them, by telegraph. They had also wanted a private sitting-room, but she had only the use of the public rooms to offer them, but for the day at least they would have these rooms pretty well to themselves.

I will now put down in chronological order the few remarkable events of that afternoon.

Good Mrs. Burns waited for many anxious hours at that uninteresting station. It had been arranged that if they came and proceeded anywhere else than to the *Maison Dupont* she should follow them, and at once communicate with us by a messenger. But if they went to the *Maison Dupont* her mission was at an end, and she was to return to the hotel, where we would communicate with her.

The eight o'clock train from Paris duly arrived, and then, sure as fate, Mrs. Burns recognised her young acquaintance, Clara Broadhurst, leaning on the arm of a young dandified Frenchman.

'Why, Clara,' said the good lady, 'what brings you here, and how d'ye do? They told me that you had returned to England. Didn't you like the convent?'

'Madame,' said Clara, very haughtily, and speaking in French, 'I am sorry that I have no time to speak to you now. I may tell you that I am engaged to marry this gentleman, Monsieur Bertrand, of Marseilles, and have come here on a visit to some of his friends.'

The gentleman had calmly ignored the stout English lady, and was hailing a voiture. Clara made a curtsy and swept past her. Mrs. Burns was petrified with astonishment. But she heard the word Dupont in the direction.

When Monsieur and his interesting companion arrived at the *Maison Dupont*, they were met by the smiling landlady, who told them that

she was so sorry that she had no private room for them. There was only a gentleman in a *salon*, and she understood that he was going almost directly, as soon as he had done some little business for a friend.

There was a gentleman sitting at the window, with his hat in one hand and that day's 'Galignani' in the other. This individual was the esteemed Paris correspondent of the 'Coketown Daily Express.'

As he entered I rose from my seat and faced him. 'Ah, Monsieur Papillon,' I exclaimed, 'I am so happy; what an extraordinary encounter! I had the pleasure of meeting you in very agreeable company last night on the Boulevards.'

He shook hands with me hurriedly and gave a forced laugh. '*Vous avez tort, Monsieur*. I am M. Bertrand, of Marseilles, much at your service. What do you say—Papillon? it is one good joke. They call me that because I am light-hearted.'

'Just as you like,' I answered; 'it is of no importance, but I don't think our mutual friend, the Hon. Mr. B., of the English Embassy, would take such a liberty with either of us as to make an introduction under false colours.'

I noticed that he bit his lips and appeared greatly disgusted. His companion turned first towards him and then towards me her large inquiring eyes.

'Ah, B., he is what you do call one funny dog.'

'And so are you, Monsieur Papillon,' I answered. 'But how is madame, your wife—and the charming little infant in Calvados?'

He changed colour very much, and muttered a *mille tonnerres*. Then

he seized his companion's resisting hand, and said, smilingly, '*Voilà madame*.'

'No, no, no,' I said, laughingly. 'That is not Madame Papillon. Unless I am greatly mistaken, that is Miss Clara Broadhurst.'

She started up, almost as if shot. 'Oh, sir! and do you know me? And is not this gentleman M. Bertrand, of Marseilles?'

'My child,' I answered, 'his name is Papillon. He is a member of the Jockey Club at Paris. His place is in the north of France, where he has left his wife.'

She cast on him a look of the most indignant reproach. Then she burst into a flood of tears and began to moan. 'Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do? My mother, my poor mother! Oh, I wish I had never come to Paris! Oh, my mother, where are you?'

'I am here, my child,' said Mrs. Broadhurst, and she calmly glided from the *petite salon* adjoining, and folded her weeping daughter in her arms.

When I went up to Paris a few hours later by the night mail, among the gentlemen in the smoking compartment I recognised, with much satisfaction, my young friend, M. Papillon. He was very affable and offered me a light.

Miss Clara Broadhurst afterwards sang in a London concert-room. After a very short term of professional life, however, she married a very worthy man. I wonder, however, whether he—or indeed either of them—altogether knew about the curious incident of the *Three Overheard Whispers*.

PARISIAN CLUBS, PAST AND PRESENT.

CLUBS of some sort or other have existed all the world over, from the earliest times: for, as Carlyle says, fellowship 'is sweet and indispensable to man.' For all sorts of objects have clubs, historical and now existing, been founded. The modern Parisian club, however, is a

very different affair from the Parisian clubs of other days, and from those clubs brought to perfection—the clubs of London. The word 'clubs,' indeed—borrowed by the French from the English—had a dark significance in the days of revolutionary Paris. In the fiery days of '92

National Assemblies were not quick enough to feel and express popular opinion, or to readily feel the pulses of the popular enthusiasm; even the press, with hot-blooded Camille Desmoulins aiding, though fierce, was indistinct. The real political life of '92 in Paris was centred in the clubs; the whole public belonged to one another; clubs grew like fabled dragons' teeth, each section of revolutionized Paris rejoicing in more than one. Some inspired patriots, coming up to the metropolis from remote but hotly sansculottic Brittany, invented the political revolutionary club. They first constituted themselves a committee 'of action'; then they founded, from that, the 'Breton Club'; this soon became more than Breton, was joined by patriot deputies from all parts, was re-christened, first, 'French Revolution Club,' then 'Club of the Friends of the Constitution.' Finally, these same gregarious Breton deputies, having rented the old despoiled convent of the Jacobin monks in Rue St. Honoré—now, unhappily, a thing of memory only, for the old edifice has gone long ago—and taking their name from their place of meeting, became the 'Club of the Jacobins'—is it not world renowned? 'Sea-green' Robespierre gave cold counsel from its tribune; there sparkled flashing Desmoulins, and roared, lionlike, Danton, and croaked ill-favoured and squalid Marat, Friend of the People. And here, in the Club of the Jacobins, was born the bloody revolution which followed on the heels of the good-natured revolution. Others followed the example—there sprang up 'Constitutional' clubs for the party of Mirabeau, 'Royalist' clubs of blind and chivalrous noblesse, 'Feuillans' Club, of mild Girondists, and 'Club of the Cordeliers,' out-heroding in its democratic fury the Jacobin Herod itself; then there was the refined, philosophic, moderate, doomed 'Girondist,' with the fine inspired face of Madame Roland beaming over the table. Soon the Club of the Jacobins becomes, as Louis XIV. was, the State: strange heretical successor to the magnificent monarch! And now it expands

and sits high on the 'Mountain,' and from aloft frowns down upon and rules the Convention.

With the Revolution, however, all these, good and bad, vanished. In the years of the Consulate and the Empire, other clubs sprang into existence—military clubs, with marshals of France as presidents; literary clubs, which listened intent upon the discourses of Madame de Staël; political clubs had, for the most part, ceased to be. But political clubs grew up again—but in the dark—towards the close of the Restoration epoch, when Charles X. became stubborn, Bourbon-like, and Polignac refused to yield; they fought their way into light in 1830, and drove the royal 'stoopid' out of France. In the time of Louis Philippe, the patriarch and 'father of his people,' an old-fashioned style of clubs resuscitated, budded, and developed; the reign of light, glittering French pleasure began once more; the clubs were now social, pleasure-loving, game-playing, absinthe-drinking, and concert-giving; and these are the features of the modern Parisian club, as contrasted with those of history.

If there be now any distinctly political clubs existing in Paris, they are not publicly known. If known, such would not be allowed by Government, especially if hostile to Government; and there would scarcely be a *raison d'être* for clubs favourable to Government. Then, the French have really very little to complain of in Napoleon III.; there is certainly no palpably grievous tyranny; there is no long despairing wail for 'bread,' as there was in the days of the first Revolution; people generally have a very fair share of justice done them in the legislature and the courts of justice; taxes are lighter than in many continental countries; the press talks with a plainness which surprises one who has been told of the repressive tendencies of the official censorship; the country is at peace, is materially prosperous, and physically robust; the opposition journals have up-hill work in finding fault with the Empire; and now the Empire appeals confidently and without fear to the

people, asking—without a doubt as to the result—that they will send up a new Legislature as faithful to the dynasty as the old. And when there is no really deep national grievance, there is no *raison d'être* for clubs of the political-fiery stamp of the Jacobins and Cordeliers—no food for them to feed and prosper on.

There may yet exist, for all the outer world knows, shrewd night-shrouded organizations, having a kinship with the political clubs of history; but certain it is that such, if any there be, have not a very extensive membership, nor great popular influence. The partisans of Count Quixote Chambord may meet in damask drawing-rooms and conspire to restore the blue Bourbon blood, in the crumbling châteaux somewhere out in the provinces; Count de Paris may just possibly have emissaries in Paris, concocting schemes with messieurs the constitutional monarchists; Favre and Simon may make midnight speeches, and have a sort of freemasonry among the republicans, with a wire reaching to volcanic St. Antoine—but none of these are probable; and if they do exist, their hope must indeed be feeble of overturning a régime which is ever watchful, is moderate from policy, and is controlled by so acute a mind as that of its present head.

The social clubs which have been alluded to are, however, in the full blaze of crowded and glittering prosperity. They are certainly brilliant, certainly fascinating; one can well see that the attractions which they offer are irresistible to the pleasure-loving French bachelor, or to the Benedict to whom home, alas! offers no allurements.

It is a place to meet and chat in; to gossip in, after male fashion—a gossip very different from that of women, by the way, neither so senseless nor so harmless—to read the papers in, where to laugh over the cartoons of the 'Journal Amusant' and the dry piquancy of 'Charivari,' the last critique on Nilsson or Patti in 'Figaro,' where to indulge in the post-prandian café-au-cognac or absinthe, and the other rank poisons in which the Parisian delights, de-

spite the subsequent dyspepsia; where there are billiard tables and bagatelle for all, and where, above all, the genius of play reigns paramount.

Let us enter one—the refined and classical 'Société des Beaux Arts.' it has a high-sounding æsthetic name enough, but is in reality nothing more nor less than a club of 'men of the world.' As you pass in you observe the self-styled lovers of 'the arts' going and coming, looking, however, as little like artists or connoisseurs of art as possible. Mostly they are flashy-looking, heavy-whiskered, shining-haired, well-dressed 'swells,' with a gambling devil-may-care air about them; some substantial old gentlemen in gold spectacles and wigs; some greenish youths who have prematurely donned an air imitative of fashionable manhood. The club is dazzlingly lighted without and within. It has pillars at the entrance, Parthenon-like; rather over-graceful plaster statues of the Muses stand in the vestibule, intended for ornament—but somehow provocative of mirth. Within the wide, high door is a spacious hall, with mosaic floor, and resplendent from many gas globes; here and there a statue, fresco, bas-relief; the white panellings all a-gilt, an ornamentation less tasteful than obtrusive. Directly before you is a broad, richly-carpeted oaken staircase leading to a platform, where two women in faultlessly stiff white caps receive the tickets of members or recognise them as they enter, and take charge of the superfluities—the canes, hats, and umbrellas. The staircase merges into two, ascending to the right and to the left, and these conduct to the various saloons of the club.

The rooms are hardly less brilliant, the furniture hardly less sumptuous, than the royal apartments of the Tuileries; light everywhere blazes, dazzling; every imaginable luxury is provided—those numerous little things which together furnish the indolent with contentment. Great roaring fires mount up in the spacious fireplaces—too much heat, making the inmates drowsy, inviting to a doze on

the neighbouring luxurious sofas. In some rooms are books, magazines, and files of newspapers; in others billiard tables and bagatelle boards; in others café and restaurant establishments; in nearly all card-tables, the cards constantly shuffling and patting, flanked by files of golden napoleons.

The most beautiful of these apartments, however, is the concert hall, which, elaborately frescoed on dome and wall, has a pretty covered gallery, supported by graceful pillars, and cosy seats disposed in semicircles and rising behind each other. A tasteful stage occupies the front, embellished with a grand piano. Here, twice a month, a classical concert is given by musicians of note; to this the club members are admitted free, and each is entitled to two additional tickets for his lady friends. At the concerts, messieurs of the club occupy the gallery, the ladies the 'parterre.' You observe one thing at the concerts which hardly confirms your idea of the great gallantry of 'our neighbour the Gaul.' The club members in the gallery, almost every one, are provided with opera-glasses; and a battery of these goggle-eyed instruments is levelled throughout the evening at the pretty young mesdemoiselles below. You observe that this frightfully impudent and barefaced staring does not cease as a habit with age; for yonder is a dandified old fellow, who, you are very certain, must be an octogenarian, constantly ogling through a much bejewelled lorgnette the youngest and prettiest ladies in the hall, and evidently enjoying the pastime—for he is busy pointing out his especial beauties to a companion a quarter of his own age. These club concerts are, notwithstanding, popular, and are always crowded; the expense is paid from the club trea-

sury. The *élite* of Paris are often present, and the fashion is to dress as much as if it were a State representation at the Opera.

But the great attraction of the modern Parisian club is unquestionably the gaming, which is open, and well-nigh an universal habit. The most frequent *habitues* of the club are men, either of dissipated tastes with plenty of money, which they had rather spend over the card-table than in any other way; or else men of desperate fortunes, who would, if possible, retrieve them; or, too often, silly young fellows who can discover no higher ambition than to be the boon companions of 'swells,' and to become 'swells' themselves. There is gambling at the billiard-tables, but the great attraction is the card-table. You not seldom see white-headed, respectable-looking old 'gentlemen' standing over the card-table encouraging and urging on mere beardless boys, applauding their successful ventures, and laughing gaily at their feverish suspense. The victim of the *mariage de convenance* finds here the pleasure which home denies to him. Men go to the gaming-table and ruin themselves, because, instead of their choosing their own wives, their fathers did it for them. The Parisian club, far less innocent and healthy than those of Pall Mall, is one only of the noxious products of that bad rule of French society which forbids the free association of young men and women of equal rank; hence it is that the former are driven to spend their evenings at the club card-tables, or lounging in the cafés, or worse, if anything, in the society of women at meeting whom in the street their sisters would blush with instinctive horror and womanly disgust.

G. M. T.



SOCIAL SUPERSTITIONS.



SOON we shall have no social superstitions, I suppose. They are destined, no doubt, to disappear with political superstitions and religious superstitions—or what people are pleased to consider as such—in the natural course of the abolition of most things. How many have gone in our own time!—or in a time within the experience of men and women still among us, and familiar at least in a reflected light.

The superstitions to which I refer, are not very important perhaps, but they mark changes in manners, and changes in manners mark changes in a great many other things. A great number have gone, as I have said. The superstitious observance of the custom of getting drunk after dinner, for instance, is among the disappearances. A great many people still get drunk, it must be confessed; but they usually pay the homage which intoxication owes to sobriety, and deny or conceal the fact.

There used to be a superstition among a certain class of fine gentlemen that it was 'bad form'—or whatever was the equivalent phrase of the period—to be able to do anything for one's-self, and that a state of utter apathy and indifference to things in general was the surest mark of good breeding. There may be such men about now, but they are very carefully cut, I should think; and a negative condition of mind and body would certainly not in these days be considered a sign of *bon ton*. There was a superstition once in favour of snuff-taking. Long since the days when a snuff-box was as necessary an appendage to a gentleman as his shoe buckles, the habit of putting it to use was still general, and it has disappeared only in the present generation. During the rule of snuff, smoking was the exception; and though the latter had many votaries, the 'vice' was a secret one—to be indulged only in out-of-the-way places. A stable or a harness room was thought quite good enough, and the tap-room at a low tavern most appropriate. When rooms were set apart for the purpose at clubs they were always the worst in the house; and up to so late a period as to be called the other day there was no smoking-room at one of the leading clubs in London. Now, not only are smokers in clubs luxuriously provided, but every house of sufficient size and pretensions—in the country at any rate—has an apartment available for the weed; and in connexion with billiards ladies endure it with a charming docility—developed in some cases, so scandal declares, into the most practical expression of tolerance. In the old times only the most hardened offenders would venture to smoke in the streets or public places. I need scarcely say how this superstition has been disposed of in these days, when Royal Princes lead the way, and a Royal Duke may be seen on most mornings on Constitution Hill in company with an enormous regalia.

There was a superstition prevalent for many years that a gentleman

could not be properly costumed unless half-strangled in an enormous stock. This machine was wonderfully and fearfully made, with a slight pretence of elasticity, but intended evidently to keep the head up, and promote an appearance of dignified apoplexy in the wearer—with the occasional effect of a divergence from appearance into reality. The custom originated through the 'most finished gentleman in Europe' not being proud of his neck; and it became so rigorous as to ruin any man who refused to follow it. There is only one known instance of such hardihood, however, and that is in the case of Lord Byron. It is generally supposed that society set its face against the poet because he was supposed to be an immoral man, to ill-treat his wife, and exhibit a vicious tendency in his writings. I believe nothing of the kind. Society at the time made pets of men who were far worse than Byron was even supposed to be, who got on no better with their wives, and who set quite as vicious an example in their lives as Byron was alleged to set in his writings. Society cut Byron because he turned down his collar, and that is the whole fact of the matter. Had he worn a stock he would have been one of themselves, and they would have forgiven him as they did other people.

Stocks are seldom seen now, except in the army, where, in a certain but not sufficiently modified degree, they are still the rule; at the discretion, however, of commanding officers, who may allow them to be dispensed with if they think the relaxation necessary or desirable. Nobody, in fact, wears a stock in these days unless he is obliged to do so, except a few fogies who cling to the superstition as a link to life.

'What do you think of my uncle?' asked a man not long since of his friend, with whom he was walking in Pall Mall. They had just met the gentleman in question.

'Think of him!' was the contemptuous reply; 'why he wears a stock and buckles it behind—that's what I think of him.'

You see by this little incident the

kind of feeling that stocks excite in the present day.

If there are superstitions among men there are superstitions among women, you may be sure, and among the latter as among the former there have been a great many that are now exploded. As regards dress and deportment there was one connected with the ideal of a lady which seems to have no believers in these times. A lady was supposed to be arrayed in the plainest manner—to wear robes of the soberest colours and the simplest cut. Anybody who deviated from the rule was supposed not to be a lady; and the French, who set the fashions then as they do now, were far in advance of the English in this respect. That this superstition no longer prevails need scarcely be pointed out. The change in the present direction has been accompanied too by some incidental superstitions which have also come to an end—or very nearly so. One was that ladies in order to attain elegance in skirts must be encased in a steel cage, absurdly—considering the derivation of the word—called a crinoline. Another was founded upon the idea that a lady could not appear out of doors without wearing upon her head a preposterous contrivance, which, had it been discovered in the ruins of Pompeii, or in some such place, without any indication of the use to which it was applied, would have been a mystery to succeeding ages, and remained perhaps a puzzle to antiquarians up to the present time. The thing I mean was called a bonnet.

What a monstrosity it was! It stood alone in creation. Nature never produced anything like it in her wildest and most colonial moods. Art could never have conceived such an object. For the bonnet was like our old friend Topsy, according to that young person's idea of her origin. It was never born of the fancy of any one man or woman—'I guess it growed.' You could not indeed resemble it to anything else. It was not like a coalscuttle, to which some of its varieties have been flatteringly compared, for it would not stand on its end, if indeed

it had an end to stand on; and for similar reasons among others it could not be supposed to be intended for a coffeepot, a breadbasket, a card-tray, a toast-rack, a mousetrap, or a warming-pan. It was certainly not like a hat; for though it contained a place where you could put part of a head, there was nothing to indicate—in the absence of previous information—that such an uncomfortable receptacle was meant for such a use. The coincidence was altogether insufficient. You may put your head into a bag or a portmanteau, but nobody would guess those useful articles to be head-dresses on that account. The bonnet, in its ultra days at any rate, was as shapeless a monster as the *Picure*, first described by Victor Hugo, and since made familiar to us in collections of aquaria; with bows and flowers for 'feelers,' turning up in arbitrary and unexpected places. Had we—innocent of it ourselves—found it in use among the Cherokee Indians, we should have fancied it connected with some religious rite, since it would be difficult to suppose that anybody would voluntarily wear such a thing for its own sake. That it is an exploded superstition among civilized nations is a fact for which everybody blessed with eyesight ought to be grateful. The present substitute is called by the same name; but nobody, seeing the two things together, would guess that they were put to the same use. The bonnet of the period is a charming little decorative arrangement, which may be quite useless as far as shelter is concerned, but is scarcely more so than its predecessor, which was ineffectual against sun or rain, and had not the excuse of being ornamental instead.

Another superstition of the past was the corset. I am not quite sure that I shall be allowed to allude to such a subject, but must take my chance. I will be content, however, to observe that the garment—it can scarcely be called a garment though; what am I to call it?—the article?—the machine? The machine will do. It was a point of faith that this machine was indispensable to the female kind, or at any rate that it

ought to be, and it was worn when not wanted as a distinction of the sex. One need not be the oldest inhabitant of any place to remember these curious contrivances of which wood or steel, and whalebone inevitably, formed such important features. Such things may exist in the present day; but they could never have been necessities; for the interesting wearers of the modified mysteries now in use under the same name do not seem to suffer from the absence of their predecessors. On the contrary, they evidently flourish the more for the change, look a great deal better, and must feel a great deal better if they can feel at all.

Among social observances which may be classed among exploded superstitions, I may include the circulation of wedding cards and wedding cake among the friends of married couples. The cake went first, and the cards are fast following. I am not quite sure that the omission in either case is an advantage. People always liked getting the cake, though it is a horrible thing to eat, and the cards certainly answered their intended purpose—that of marking the feeling towards old acquaintances under new conditions, and influencing them in paying congratulatory visits. Now, under the new arrangement, half the acquaintances of the bride and bridegroom are uncertain whether to call or not; and as they are very apt to give themselves the benefit of the doubt which gives the least trouble, they frequently remain upon anomalous terms with the happy pair for an indefinite period—determined in the end perhaps by an accident.

The superstition which dictates the use of cards in general intercourse is not likely to die out. Society cannot get on without them. But calling—where you actually want to see the people—has been relieved of half its horrors by the practice of appointing certain days for being at home, and adding the attraction of tea, which, whether visitors want that refreshment or not, at least gives them something to do. A great many people would prefer that these rites should be

performed after dinner instead of before, and it would be well to allow them the alternative. I dare say we shall come to this some day. Meanwhile many take kindly to what has been called the social treadmill, and grind away for the fun of the thing. It is hard perhaps to have to drop additional cards after having dined at a house, and such *visites de digestion* are usually paid with the kind of gratitude known as a lively sense of benefits to come.

Among existing superstitions that which necessitates introductions at balls in private houses has a great many heterodox enemies. They are mere matters of form, since the persons introduced are frequently no wiser as to one another's personality than they were before; and the observance has the effect of curbing individual ardour. There is no harm in them; they are often an assistance; but they should not be held necessary, and in a happier state of existence I dare say they will be dispensed with.

Among exploded superstitions upon such occasions may be reckoned speeches after supper. Where there is no regular supper to make speeches after the evil naturally cures itself; but even where there is, the bore in question is never met with except in 'offensively old-fashioned society. So much the better, say all sensible people. Speeches after dinner, when the dinner has a business object, of course can't be helped, and come under a different category.

Apropos to dinners I may mention a very old superstition which gave the palm to English dinners over all other dinners in the world. 'Foreign kickshaws,' compared with them, were held in contempt as unwholesome abominations. And an English dinner, when well cooked, is no doubt a very fine thing, and better for people leading an active life than, say, a French one, as a continuous arrangement. But it is the old story still — our dinners come from a sacred, our cooks from a profane source. To cook an English dinner well a person ought to be capable of cooking a French one.

The principles are the same, and the ornate variations, in the latter case, are mere matters of special attainment, easily acquired from prescribed formulae. But the popular delusion with the common run of cooks is, that an English dinner, in order to have 'no nonsense about it,' should be essentially solid, and leave digestibility an open question. Any suggestion of an advance upon these conditions is met by the response that Mary Jane does not profess to understand foreign cookery; and an intimation, if she is disposed to be candid, that she considers 'plain English' entitled to the preference in every respect. She can never be made to understand that food prepared in the English fashion is not necessarily crude, comfortable, and injurious. Her main idea is that everything English ought to be substantial, that is to say, heavy; and in pursuance of this I have known her send up such a thing as suet pudding with particular joints. The accompaniment is well known in schools, where it is accepted as part of the discipline of the establishment—but surely nobody ever ate suet pudding as a free agent! This is perhaps an aggravated instance of infatuation, but it is quite within the compass of common 'plain cooks,' who minister to the middle classes of society. How the poor fare, who are their own cooks, is a sad consideration. That they eat at all is a marvel; and it is a still greater marvel, considering the savage character of their meals, that they do not drink twice as much as they do.

The superstition which exalts bad cookery and calls it English is less strong than it was, and among the educated classes is rapidly passing away. But unhappily the greater part of the population are not educated—even to an appreciation of the commonest comforts—and are still willing victims to a delusion unknown in any other civilized country.

The popular delusion in the matter of wines, which has endured for more than a hundred years, has a greater chance of being dispelled;

and if the mass of the wine-drinking population—so largely increased of late—still cling exclusively to port and sherry, it is surely not for want of other wines being suggested equally to their palates and their pockets. Port is now favoured by only two classes of persons—the few who will pay fabulous sums for the little that can be got of the best kind, and the many who are not yet influenced by the light wine movement, and still incline themselves—from superstitious motives—to any concoction called by the name. The former need not be converted. Their taste is entitled to the highest respect, and I trust that they will long enjoy the means to gratify it. The latter are being converted by degrees, if we may believe in statistics; for the consumption of port which comes from Portugal has sensibly decreased of late years, and it is not to be supposed that the production of the spurious article can have increased in the face of the increased facilities for obtaining the real one. The wines of all other wine-producing countries are now largely consumed in this country; and the natural conclusion is beyond a doubt—that the majority of habitual or occasional drinkers of wine do not drink port, while the minority drink it in less proportion than formerly. Sherry has made a firmer stand, and is still considered a necessary wine, whatever be the other wines which find a place in the public favour. There is a competition, too, in the market between sherry and sherry—that is to say, between sherry as usually prepared for English consumption, and sherry as it is in its natural state; and other Spanish wines which are not sherry, but which have the same character, are also entering the field of opposition. The ‘natural’ wines, as the merchants call them, have a hard fight for it at present; for the mass of wine drinkers undoubtedly prefer the old fiery mixtures. But there is a demand for the ‘dry’ qualities rapidly spreading, and palates educated to these—dreadfully doctored as they commonly are—will find out in time that they can be better

gratified by unadulterated vintages, or vintages which are at least not deprived of their original character. Between Spanish wines as they ought to be and French wines as they are—to say nothing of Italian, Hungarian, and Greek, which are making their way—the time is probably not far distant when the superstition which gave exclusiveness to port and sherry will be known no more.

Port is associated with prejudice; and prejudice of many kinds is breaking down with port. I allude especially to English prejudice—to be classed with superstition—in reference to things continental. There was an old belief that one Englishman was always able to beat three Frenchmen. That delusion must surely have exploded; and I may mention, as a matter of personal experience, that I once made the experiment with only two of our lively neighbours—and signally failed. But the superstitious sense of superiority on the part of our travelling countrymen on the Continent still prevails to a great extent; the principal exception being the members of the gentler sex, who have thrown off their traditional reserve in a remarkable manner, and dash about in out-of-doors diversions with an affability which is a wonder, not to say a scandal, and utterly confutes the stock caricatures, which, in Paris especially, still represent the *blonde misses* of Albion as embodiments of prudish affectation—wearing green veils and actual bonnets, and regarding the social freedom of France as *shocking*, quite in the old style. There has, to be sure, been lately opened a rival vein of satire, represented in periodicals like the *Vie Parisienne*, which gives the English girl in her gushing, hatty, high-heeled aspect, and has just begun to understand the joke about ‘the period;’ but this development is quite recent—the *blonde miss* still holds her own in the shop windows, and it will be years before she is accepted in her new character.

I am not quite sure that the English superstition as regards our relations towards our lively neigh-

hours has been dissipated with unmixed advantage—as far as the gentler sex is concerned. But it must be admitted, that whether through French or other influence, English women—including English girls of course—dress a great deal better than they did, and—except when they make caricatures of themselves—cannot be accused of failing to set off their beauty to the best advantage.

The mention of dress, again, suggests that an old superstition concerning costume has just exploded. I mean that which made it *de rigueur* for gentlemen, unless in some kind of uniform, to go to court in the habits as they lived of our forefathers in the middle of the reign of George III. The dress was both uncomfortable and incongruous, and nobody liked it; and the change has at least this advantage—that it enables a man to wear in the presence of his sovereign a dress of the shape to which he is accustomed in common life. But innovation begets innovation, and now we find certain levellers condemning the court dress worn by ladies as a superstition. Why, they ask, cannot ladies go to the drawing-rooms in morning dresses with high bodies? These agitators, would, it seems, get rid of the 'feathers, blonde-cappets, and diamonds,' and all the rest of it, at one fell swoop, on the ground that full dress happening in these days to be rather scanty, ladies who go to drawing-rooms are apt to take cold. The agitators may depend upon it that some stronger reason than this must be discovered before the ladies concerned will join the agitation, even if such a simplification would ever be permitted by the milliners. *Il faut souffrir pour être belle* is a social decree submitted to more philosophically than is the fate of most legal decrees. And if those who wear court dresses are content to suffer in one way, you may be sure that those who make them will not be content to suffer in another. So the question, I fancy, may be safely left at rest between the two.

Among superstitions which still survive, may be mentioned the be-

lief! in some apocryphal period known as the 'palmy days of the drama.' When these days existed, and what they were like, is not easy to determine. For we find no contemporary evidence of their existence; it has never been handed down to us that people have said, 'These are the palmy days of the drama; I am content with the condition of the stage.' On the contrary, from the earliest times of which we are able to take anything like a near view, the cry has always been that the regular drama was neglected whenever there were counter attractions in the form of French dancing girls, performing dogs or monkeys, or even such exhibitions as puppet shows. Nobody seems ever to have heard of the palmy days of the drama until they had passed away, and then the praises had a suspicious appearance of being rung for the *tempora acti* in 'the abstract. Great actors and actresses have lived no doubt before the Agamemnons of our own time, and their Homers have kept their fame alive; but it must be doubted if the drama—that is to say the regular drama—has had such great days for its own sake as has been made out. The days of which we have the most distinct idea are those comparatively early in the century, when enthusiastic people used to go to the pit door of Drury Lane, and wait from two o'clock in the day to see Mrs. Siddons, or the Kembles, and later still the elder Kean—buy a bill in the street, and struggle for the attainment of three hours' intellectual ecstasy. One may suppose that the reward was greater than could be gained now by a similar process—supposing the process to be necessary; but the fact was due to exceptional circumstances; and if the public taste was high, it had not so many invitations as it has in the present day to become low. If there were better actors there were certainly worse, and the same may be said of the pieces which obtained popularity—the inferior class of which would not be listened to now, as has been proved by occasional experiments. There is a larger public in these

times; but even making allowance for the fact, a larger proportionate amount of money is spent upon the drama than used to be spent, dramatic authors make larger profits, and dramatic performers are better paid. It is true that plays of a low class, and players of a low class, sometimes succeed, as well as plays and players of a higher class—sometimes better, indeed, when a thorough hit is made. But this has always been the case; and they do not fail *because* they are of a high class. When such pieces are unsuccessful it is because there is something wrong about them—because they are cumbrous, dull, and unfitted for the stage. A great deal of false sentiment would once pass for real, and a great many situations which we have discovered to be claptrap were accepted by our forefathers in good faith. On the whole, judging by the number of theatres we have, and the number of pieces that fill them, and the standard of excellence demanded by most of the audiences, it must be a mistake to suppose that the drama has declined or is declining. Therefore the belief in the palmy days, as compared with our own—which, however, is far weaker than it was—must be ranked among the superstitions.

An alleged cause of the supposed decline of the drama is the late hour at which most of us dine. It has become later and later in the course of the last few years, and we seem rapidly arriving at the fashionable point said to have been attained by a late American president, who was such a great man that he never took his dinner until the next day! But it is made later, and worse than later because less certain, by a superstitious custom which prevails of the host fixing one time and the guests assembling at another. The inconvenience was pointed out the other day in a morning journal, and it is one which decidedly demands reform. Everybody understands that a little grace is allowed beyond the quarter-past seven, quarter to eight, or eight, set down in the invitation; but nobody knows exactly how much, unless well ac-

quainted with the custom of the particular house. And as few choose to incur the embarrassment of being too early, a great many run the hazard of being too late. The consequence is an amount of confusion and annoyance which is felt equally by host and guest. There is only one way of destroying this monstrous delusion, and saving the enormous amount of time and temper which it wastes in the course of the year; that is, to issue invitations for the exact hour at which the party is expected to be assembled, with a special provision as to punctuality until the rule becomes generally understood.

While on the subject of dinners, I may mention a custom which is surely founded upon superstition, and ought to be banished for ever from civilised society—the only society in which it prevails. Why should we be obliged to perform the not very difficult operation of dividing our food into morsels fitted for the mouth with a weapon so formidable and effective that we could employ it with the greatest ease to cut the throat of our next neighbour from ear to ear? Had we to kill the meat in the first instance one could understand the propriety of being so armed; for the sake of carving joints that bore and birds that bewilder, such an instrument is appropriate enough. But why place it in the hands of persons who have only their own mouths to accommodate? It is enough to embarrass a nervous man, and how that very uncomfortable person, 'the most delicate lady,' manages to survive the responsibility is one of those marvels which can be accounted for only by custom founded on the grossest superstition. The anomaly exists but in association with European manners. The natives of the East, and semi-civilised people elsewhere, would not dream of such an enormity. I do not insist, of course, that people ought to eat with their fingers; and chopsticks are naturally unfitted for dividing a steak. But when knives are wanted—and they are not wanted, nor used, for many dishes—why should we be

made to use a murderous weapon? One can fancy them fitted for the days of old, when knights carved at the meal in gloves of steel and drank the red wine through the helmet barred; but in those times people used their own knives at the table, and employed them, upon occasion, in casual combats. Such is not now the custom, though there are instances of the proceeding on the part of violent persons even when engaged at the meal itself; and the temptation is one which should not be thrown in the way of men of ungovernable temper, exasperated, it may be, by the bad dinner of humble life. But these enormous knives are given us advisedly, and so careful is custom in measuring the supposed necessities of the case, that for the lighter descriptions of food smaller knives are given, so that you are supposed to calculate the amount of force required at every course, and always employ it accordingly. It is always a comfort to get to a little knife after a large one—it is like the sense of peace and security that comes after a fray—and no knife need be larger than the silver one put on for dessert, if indeed it need be so large; and I need scarcely add that forks might be modified in proportion.

There are a few superstitions in

connection with our language which may be pointed out in this place. There have been a great many in most times; but some have disappeared while others have arisen, and there are not many now remaining. Among them I will note only some peculiarities in pronunciation. We still call Derby Darby and Berkeley Berkeley, Pall Mall Pell Mell, not to add other instances. Contractions, too, are not unfrequent. Thus we cannot ask if the Marquis of Cholmondeley is at home, giving the syllables their legitimate sound, without running the risk of being told by a facetious servant that he will refer us to some of his people. If we ask for the Marquis of Chumley we shall be treated at least with respect. Again, we must not say Leveson Gower, but Leuson Gore, unless we wish to be supposed out of the pale of society; and Mr. Marjoribanks would consider us a Goth if we called him anything but Marchbanks. These are only some of the cases that might be cited. Are they not founded upon superstition?

There are other superstitious observances in social life to which I might refer; but I dare say I have cited illustrations enough, and the rest may suggest themselves to your mind without my assistance.

SIDNEY L. BLANCHARD.



ANCIENT HOSTELRIES, AND THE MEN WHO FRE- QUENTED THEM.

Concerning Angels, Dragons, and certain ancient Palaces.



LONG ago, when the elder Mr. Weller, discussing valentines, asked 'What was the use o' callin' a young woman an angel?' and added that you 'might as well call her a Griffin or a King's Arms, which is werry well known to be a collection of fabulous animals,' he displayed a deep and significant knowledge in the matter of tavern signs.

It is satisfactory to know, however, that while 'The Devil' (of which famous hostelry we have already gossiped) was only an abbreviation of a title which owed its dignity more to Saint Dunstan than to the arch-enemy, there have been, and still are, Angels which claim our respectful observation. Perhaps the most noted of the old places bearing this sign was that

which formerly stood near the entrance of Clement's Inn, opposite the railings of the church of St. Clement Danes. The locality itself was ancient enough to give an antiquarian interest to the hostelry, which, however, was not so old as the locality, though doubtless a house of entertainment stood there even in the days when Henry III. granted a piece of ground close by to Walter le Bruin, the carrier, for the purpose of erecting a forge on it. The suit and service demanded of this doughty disciple of St. Clement was that he should annually render to the exchequer a quit rent of six horseshoes, with the nails belonging to them; and when the ground afterwards came into possession of the City, the same stipulation was demanded of the sheriffs, who either themselves or by an officer of the court had to produce the horseshoes and the nails at the time of their swearing in, and to count them before the Cursitor Baron, who represented the sovereign. This custom is now, we believe, disused, and the Angel itself, an old-fashioned coaching-house, once the resort of 'gentlemen of the long robe,' has long ago disappeared under that title. On its site, however, another hostelry has risen, which is certainly quite as famous, and is probably as well known to members of the legal profession as it is to the artists and men engaged in literary pursuits whose business takes them Strandward.

The late proprietor, father of the present Mr. Carr, gave his own name to the modern representative of 'The Angel,' and it soon achieved a reputation which it still preserves as a place where a sound English dinner may be accompanied by sound French wine, a combination particularly acceptable to modern tastes, especially as 'Carr's' is distinguished for giving its customers the benefit of the reduced duties on light wines, and so has set an example to other hostelries which it is to be regretted has not been very widely followed. It may be said that this is one of the few places where the conditions of the ancient hostelry are preserved in regard to the provision of substantial fare with the liquids that our forefathers drank before the Methuen treaty banished claret and Burgundy from British tables in favour of black strap and fiery sherry, so that the best elements

of the Angel and its predecessors reappear notwithstanding the innovations of time. It may be hoped that the new law courts will leave the old site unmolested. The Inn of St. Clement was originally, it is supposed, a house of entertainment near the monastery, and received penitents who came to St. Clement's Well, the Holy well which gave its name to the adjoining street. As early as Edward II., however, it was an inn of Chancery, and the monastery having been removed, the Holy Lamb, an inn on the west side of the lane, received the pious as well as the more secular guests.

The only other 'Angel' which seems to have obtained general recognition is the Angel at Islington, but its fame, like that of the Elephant and Castle, at the end of the Borough and the top of Walworth, is connected less with its antiquity or its reputation as an hostelry than with its being regarded as a landmark and a place where travellers took coach for long or short journeys. The Elephant and Castle, by-the-by, was, half a century ago or little more, only a one-storied, low-roofed roadside inn, a picturesque place enough, with a gallery outside, and derived no small degree of its reputation from the adjoining chapel, a building inscribed in gigantic capitals 'The House of God,' and used by the followers of Joanna Southcott, pictures of whose dreams and visions were painted on the interior walls.

There have been several celebrated hostelries at Islington, however, when that ancient suburb was rightly called 'merrie,' and was celebrated, not only for its ponds where the Londoners went 'ducking,' but for its cheesecakes and custards. Pepys records how his father used to carry him 'to Islington to the old man's at the King's Head to eat cakes and ale (his name was Pitts),' and after that the once noted wells were discovered by Sadler in the garden of a house which he had opened as a public music-room. It is at Sadler's Wells, opposite the Sir Hugh Myddelton Tavern, that Hogarth laid the scene of his 'Evening.' It was in 1683 that these wells, very

much resembling the waters of Tunbridge Wells in their medicinal properties, were opened; and in 1684 appeared a squib called 'A Morning Ramble; or, Islington Wells burlesqt,' in which the author apostrophises the suburb as 'Audacious and unconscionable Islington! Was it not enough that thou hast, time out of mind, been the metropolitan of cakes, custards, and stewed pruans?'—famous for bottled ale that Regius the Huzza before one drinks the health, and statutable cans nine at least to the quart. The fame of Islington cakes is noticed by several writers, and it seems to have enjoyed an equal reputation for custards, cream, and milk. 'A man who gives the natural history of the cow is not to tell how many cows are milked at Islington,' says Dr. Johnson, and it would seem that this rural association with dairy produce is still the characteristic of the neighbourhood. It may be believed, therefore, that the hostelries were pretty well supported by the holiday-makers who wanted something either to qualify the water of Sadler's Wells or to accompany the cakes of their suburban haunt. It was in a first floor of the 'Old Parr's Head' that John Henderson is said to have made his first essay in acting, and the Old Pied Bull was still more celebrated, since it was declared to have once been a villa belonging to Sir Walter Raleigh. Then there was the Red Bull Theatre, in St. John's Street Road, originally, it is believed, the Red Bull Inn, whose ample yard having been used for acting plays or other performances, was at last converted into a regular theatre late in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was there that the king's players performed, under the management of Killigrew, till the stage in Drury Lane was ready. After this it became a kind of fencing-school, or rather a theatre for the display of strength and feats of arms. 'The Red Bull stands empty for fencers,' says Davenant in 1663; 'there are no tenants in it but spiders.' Pupils of celebrated masters of the noble art of self-defence were pitted against each other there, and the 'sets-to'

comprised bouts with 'backsword, single rapier, sword and dagger, rapier and dagger, sword and buckler, half-pike sword and gauntlet, and single faulchion.'

When once we commence with the 'Bulls' we have a list of hostelrys famous alike for their antiquity and for the recollections of the men who once resorted to their hospitable portals. Curious enough, two of the 'Bull' fraternity obtained their names from a corruption of the original sign. The Bull and Gate in Holborn was, according to Steevens, the Shakspearian commentator (who gained the information from the title-page of an old play), no other than the 'Bullogne Gate,' a sign adopted in compliment to Henry VIII. after the taking of Boulogne in 1544. It was a celebrated hostelry for travellers in the time of Fielding, who makes Tom Jones alight there on his arrival in London, and once more retreat there, by the advice of Partridge, during his efforts to discover Sophia. A similar corruption was that of the Bull and Mouth, which should have been Boulogne Mouth, once to be seen in St. Martin's-le-Grand, and said by Strype to be 'of a good resort by those that bring bone lace, where the shopkeepers and others come to buy it. In this part of St. Martin's,' he goes on, 'is a noted meeting-house of the Quakers, called the Bull and Mouth, and where they met long before the fire.'

At the Bull's Head in Clare Market the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe was a frequent guest. It was Radcliffe, whose skill was so great that he could afford to apply his witticisms even to royalty; for when he was called upon to attend William III., who showed him his swollen legs and asked him what he thought of them, he replied, 'Why, truly, I would not have your majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms.' The blunt answer gave no little offence, but the eminent physician, who was afterwards member of parliament for Buckingham, and founded the famous library at Oxford, seemed to care very little even for royal favour. It was at the Bull's Head, too, that the artists' club, of which Hogarth

was a member, held its meetings. Then there is the Bull Head Tavern at Charing Cross, remarkable chiefly as being next door to the house (opening on to Spring Gardens) where Milton lived for a short time. More notorious than this was the Golden Cross, in the same locality, the resort of that consummate ruffian Dick England, who frequented that place for the purpose of picking up victims among the Irishmen who came to London by the coaches that made the house their halting-place. There have been few such, consummate black-legs as England, who contrived to make such profits by betting and gambling that he not only kept an elegant house in St. Alban's Street, but actually engaged masters to instruct him in polite literature, and impart to him the graces of fashionable life. He was made president of the four o'clock ordinary at Munday's coffee-house, gave large sums for the horses on which he rode about town, and carried on this elegant career in spite of his rival, George Mahon, who seems to have had less finesse than England, and perhaps was a little less ready to back his luck by an appeal to the sword. Pay or fight was England's general rule, when the stakes were high enough to make the risk worth while; and as he was an accomplished duellist as well as a bully, he generally contrived to obtain debts of honour. At last, on the 18th of June, 1784, he challenged a brewer of Kingston, from whom he had won a large sum of money, and killed his opponent in Leicester Fields, in consequence of which he was compelled to leave the country and fled to Paris, where he contrived to convey such useful information of the revolution to our army during the campaign in Flanders, that he became a paid agent of the British cabinet. Several times he was committed to prison, and his neck was in danger of the guillotine, but he contrived to get off; and at last, expecting perhaps that his services had expiated his crime, came to England, where he was apprehended and punished with the fine of a shilling and one year's imprisonment.

ment. His career had come to an end, however, for on his release he was heard of no more, but lived in comparative poverty at his house in Leicester Square. He did live, however, to beyond the ordinary term of men's lives, for he was eighty years old when he was found lying dead on a sofa by the person who went to call him to dinner.

To return to the Bulls, however, it is necessary to retrace our steps to the City, where the old Bull Inn in Bishopsgate was once the resort of rare company. We have before spoken of the adaptations of the old inn yards to the purpose of a theatre, and the Bull in Bishopsgate was one of the most famous for these early stage plays. Before Burbage and his companions obtained a patent from Queen Elizabeth for building a regular theatre, the actors found space in the yard of the Bull for their dramatic representations, and it is not unlikely that Shakespeare himself, who for some time, it is believed, lived in the parish of Saint Helen, Bishopsgate, witnessed, if he did not have any special interest in these performances. It is certain that the humorist Tarlton often played there, as he did at the old Belle Sauvage; and close to the old hostelry lived Anthony Bacon (the brother of the great essayist and philosopher), much to the anxiety of his mother, who feared lest the morals of his servants might be corrupted by the vicinity of the playhouse,—and also lamented the want of spiritual advantages in a parish which was 'without a godly clergyman.' The Bull is perhaps still more memorable as the place to which the celebrated Hobson, the Cambridge carrier, used to go when he made his journey to London. 'This memorable man,' says the 'Spectator,' 'stands drawn in fresco at an inn in Bishopsgate Street, with a hundred pound bag under his arm, with this inscription on the said bag:

'The fruitful mother of an hundred more.'

Well may Hobson be said to be a memorable man, since he had the honour of two epitaphs written by Milton. He was born about 1544, and inherited from his father 'the

team ware with which he now goeth, that is to say, the cart and eight horses, harness, nag, &c.' Monthly for many years he passed between the University and the Bull Inn, carrying letters, parcels, and occasionally passengers. To this business he added that of letting horses for hire,—indeed he is said to have been the first person in the kingdom who engaged in the trade, and his rule of never allowing any horse to leave the stable except in its proper order added to his celebrity by making him responsible for the celebrated proverb known as Hobson's choice—'that or none.' So well did he thrive by this business of letting horses to the collegians, that in 1604 he contributed 50*l.* to the loan of King James I., and in 1626 he gave a large Bible to the church of the parish of St. Benedict, where he resided, while two years later he presented to the University and town the land for the Spinning House, otherwise known as Hobson's workhouse. By that time he had acquired considerable estates, and at his death, which occurred at the age of eighty-five, in 1630, during the time that his visits to London were suspended by the authorities on account of the plague, he bequeathed, beside property to his family, money to the Corporation and the profits of the pasture land (now the site of Downing College) towards the heightening and preservation of the conduit in Cambridge. He also left money to the poor of Cambridge, Chesterton, Waterbeach, Cottenham, and Buntingford. He was buried in the chancel of the church of St. Benedict, but neither monument nor inscription marks the spot, although the author of 'Paradise Lost' wrote the punning elegy upon him, which says:

'Ease was his chief disease: and, to judge right,
He died for weariness that his cart went light:
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome.
Obedient to the moon he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Linked to the mutual flowing of the seas;
Yet, strange to think, his ruin was his increase.

His letters are delivered all and gone,
Only remains this superscription.'

He seems to have been generally esteemed, at any rate, and several portraits of him were long preserved, one of which was to be seen until the beginning of the present century at the ancient hostelry of which he was so remarkable a visitor.

There is very little of its antiquity now remaining at the Bull, however, and in a few years there may be only one or two of these quaint old inns remaining in the City, or, for that matter, in any part of London. The Four Swans, which once also stood on Bishopsgate, has made way for 'modern improvements,' and the Vine and the Green Dragon alone remain to keep their ancient comrade company. The Green Dragon is perhaps one of the best remaining examples of the old hostelry, and something like the old style is scrupulously retained there, for although the proprietor has continued to maintain the building in fresh repair, it is difficult to discover where the hand of time had imprinted it with decay. One innovation is at least a pleasant one: the queer external galleries, a little modernised in their renovation, have been enclosed with glass,—and on a trellis-work leading up to the balcony luxuriant creeping plants have been made to twine, so as to give a cool and refreshing aspect to the old inn yard in summer-time. There is, in fact, a wonderful vitality in the Green Dragon, which still opens its hospitable jaws for scores of guests who go daily to dine in its low-ceilinged rooms, with great beams at all sorts of angles, and shining mahogany tables and old-fashioned boxes, where a party of six can find comfortable elbow-room. The Dragon is great in rich soups and mighty joints of prime succulent meat and substantial eating in general,—disdaining modern embellishments and French kickshaws, and caring very little about patent methods. Contenting itself with an old-fashioned range and a good plain cook, and old wines that have stood the test of opinion for three generations: so that it may be said to flourish in a Green (Dragon) old age and is no unfit representative of its old patron who 'wealthy grew by warrantable fame.'

The demands of modern society, and especially the influence of railways, which have shortened long journeys and the enormous growth of suburban London, which provides residences for those who formerly lived near their business in the City, have gone far to diminish the number of those ancient hostelrys, once the representatives of good cheer and unquestioned comfort. Many of the old places have entirely disappeared, and new piles of building devoted to offices and mercantile warehouses have made the sites which they once occupied almost undiscoverable. Others have been suffered to go to decay, and are now used for other purposes. We spoke, in a former number, of that good old hostelry the Saracen's Head in Aldgate, where once the noted sign hung as one of London's landmarks. Since that notice was written we have learned that there is still a Saracen's Head, a tavern, kept by the daughter of the last proprietor of the venerable hostelry, and that the original sign, vast, weighty, and of terribly grim presence, now gives its name to a house in Northumberland Alley, in Fenchurch Street. More than that, the frequenters of the ancient place, or their modern representatives, have preserved their allegiance, and in the little parlour of the Saracen's Head of to-day we may still meet the sturdy North Sea pilots who came thither for their pay after a blustering voyage that has perhaps kept them beating about the coast of Norway, with the vision of their fair hostess and the hoped-for rest and food and fire that awaited them in this queer nook of old London to cheer them in anxious watches and the driving mist and spray of their long nights at sea.

There is another house in Fenchurch Street which cannot well be left out in a gossip about London and its hostelrys; and it has contrived to combine with its quaint reputation a skilful adaptation to modern wants. It was at the King's Head, named after her royal father, that Queen Elizabeth is said to have dined on her way from the Tower after her short imprisonment; and though there may be sceptics

who are inclined to doubt the identity of the dish and platter exhibited as the veritable articles used at the table of the great princess,—and the present antique character of the handsome smoking-room is somewhat indebted to modern imitative art, it is quite certain that the old place has so kept abreast of the times that even City clerks and hurried merchants can dine there from more toothsome viands than many that graced the royal tables in the days of its first prosperity.

Strangeat, and not the least interesting among the London hostelties of our day, are those ancient palaces, which, having survived the wrecks made by time, have outlived their original state, and now open their portals for the throng of to-day to take the places once held by the men and women of the past. It is especially in that historical quarter of London known as Bishopsgate, that we find the most remarkable samples of these ancient buildings which are yet but modern hostelties. Till lately it was Gerrard's Hall which was the more prominent example of the conversion of the old palace into the modern tavern.

Gerrard's Hall in Basingham could hardly be called a modern hostelry, however, for in the time of Stow it had been converted to that use, and until very recently the fine old place with its ball-room, its beds for seventy-eight guests, its antique chambers, and its fine Norman crypt, were among the sights of London.

It was in 1245 that John Gisors, Mayor of London, lived in this old city palace, so that we should have to go back far in English history to write the story of the venerable house. A romance, such as *Bulwer* has given us, might be made from the records of the men who frequented that palace built on the land that bore the name of the great family of Basing at a time when the City traders had already begun to achieve, by their wealth and industry, an influence that was not fully asserted till the Wars of the Roses had ceased and the Seventh Henry constructed the fabric for which the ground had

been cleared by the destruction of the barons and the feudal chivalry.

To communicate the names of the celebrated men who frequented a mansion, the history of which begins in the reign of Henry III., while its legendary reputation goes back into tradition, would require a separate article. It must suffice to repeat the words of the chronicler Stow, who says: 'On the south side of Basingham is one great house of old time, built upon arched vaults, and with arched gates of stone, brought from Caen in Normandy. The same is now a common hostelry for receipt of travellers, commonly and corruptly called Gerrard's Hall, of a giant said to have dwelt there. In the high-roofed hall of this house sometime stood a large fir-pole which reached to the roof thereof, and was said to be one of the staves that Gerrard the giant used in the wars to run withal. There stood also a ladder of the same length, which (as they say) seemed to ascend to the top of the staff. Of late years this hall is altered and divers rooms are made in it. Notwithstanding the pole is removed to one corner of the hall, and the ladder hanged broken upon a wall in the yard. The hosteler of that house said to me, "The pole lacketh half a foot of forty in length." I measured the compass thereof and found it fifteen inches. Reasons of the pole could the master of the hostelry give me none; but bade me read the great Chronicles, for there he heard of it. I will now note what myself hath observed concerning that house. I read that John Gisors, Mayor of London in the year 1245, was owner thereof, and that Sir John Gisors, Constable of the Tower 1311, and divers others of that name and family since that time, owned it. So it appeareth that this Gisors' Hall of late time by corruption hath been called Gerrard's Hall for Gisors' Hall. The pole in the hall might be used of old time (as then the custom was in every parish) to be set up in the summer as a maypole. The ladder served for the decking of the maypole and roof of the hall.'

Chamberlain in his history of London follows Stow, and recounts

that 'the fabulous traditions swallowed by our credulous ancestors' made Gerrard a giant whose 'skull being found would hold five pecks; and his thigh bone was six feet long, and one of his teeth weighed ten pounds troy: without considering that a person of such prodigious dimensions could not possibly inhabit a house or hall of the size this appears to have been by its remains, which are still to be seen in the arched vaults, supported by sixteen pillars built of stone brought from Caen in Normandy, and are now used for cellars, being entirely under the floor of the building.'

Gisors', or as it was still called, Gerrard's Hall, has only lately disappeared, however. The very site will soon be uncertain, and no modern hostelry marks the place where it formerly stood.

Another queer old mansion, patched and preserved in a shabby semblance to its original quaint plastered frontal and unequal gables, is now an ordinary tavern, known as the Sir Paul Pindar, in Bishopsgate. The house was, in fact, the residence of the noted knight whose name it still bears; and though there are few internal relics of the state he once held there, the edifice itself is still something of an example of the old civic mansion of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. Sir Paul Pindar, who was born at Wellingborough, in Northamptonshire, in 1566, received the education of a gentleman of those times; but having discovered a remarkable desire to follow commercial pursuits, he was apprenticed to an Italian merchant in the City, named Parrish, by whom he was employed as an agent in Venice, then the great mart of the world. For several years he lived in the Levant and other places abroad until, on his coming to England in 1611, his great skill as a linguist induced the company of merchants to the Levant to recommend him to King James as ambassador to the Grand Seigneur. In that office he remained nine years, to the great advantage of English interests, and probably to his own, for when he came home he brought with him a for-

tune comprised in a single diamond valued at 30,000*l*. It may easily be supposed that the eyes of the British Solomon were dazzled by such a jewel, and that he coveted it as much as was at all consistent with his reputation for wisdom and virtue; but Pindar was implacable, and would only consent to lend the 'bonnie sparkler' upon state occasions. The famous jewel and its owner survived King James, and the latter was equally desired by his successor Charles I., who at last contrived to purchase it, though it is said that it was afterwards pawned to the Queen of Bohemia during the civil troubles. Meanwhile Sir Paul, who had refused the post of Lieutenant of the Tower, preferred the more solid advantage to be derived as one of the farmers of the Customs, in which capacity he advanced large sums to the Crown, obtaining in return a great extension of the privileges of the City. He was afterwards able to provide money for the safe conduct of the unfortunate queen and her children; and indeed he seems to have been wonderfully sagacious in his speculations not only for himself but for the state. The manufacture of alum, which had been introduced at Whitby by an Italian, was taken up by him in such a way as to secure it for a monopoly to the Crown, which lasted till 1643. At length, however, the knight's affairs became so embarrassed by the troublous events of the kingdom that at his death the executors found themselves unable to extricate them, and one of them (William Toomes) who had been nominated to fulfil his testamentary intentions found the task so hopeless that he evaded it by committing suicide. The parish books of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, contain numerous entries of the worthy knight's liberality in subscribing for communion-plate, money for the poor, and venison for feasting the parochial magnates. One of the entries is, 'Given to Sir Paul's cooke, who brought the pastie, 2*s*. 6*d*.' Another account refers to the feast for which the knight sent the venison, and amounts to 1*9s*. 6*d*. for 'floure, butter, pepper, egges,

making, and baking.' There is also an entry of *xl.* paid by Sir Paul for license to eat flesh on fish days; and the last reference to the worthy knight is in 1650, when 16*s.* was paid to the glazier for mending the windows broken at his funeral. It would be difficult to imagine the present decayed building, which is all that remains of the knight's mansion, the house to which a park and garden were once attached; but there are changes almost as strange in other parts of this great city.

Not, however, in that most beautiful of all the old London palaces, Crosby Hall. Since the days when the great building and its courtyard covered nearly the whole site of Crosby Square, where it was built by Sir John Crosby on land leased from the ancient convent of St. Helen's; the neighbourhood has altered, but the great banquetting hall, with its glorious oak roof, its charming bay-window, and its fine proportions, is still much as it was in the days when the wily and un pitying Duke of Gloucester schemed for the crown in the apartments of the palace which he had then made his residence. There is no need to go at length into the

history of this fine old place, still one of the most beautiful examples of domestic Gothic architecture to be seen in Europe; while a record of its frequenters would include some of the greatest names in the most brilliant history of our country. A very full account of the ancient City palace, its occupiers and visitors, has been published by the present proprietor, who, with a worthy regard for all that is noble in its history, has preserved and restored it with only such few alterations as have also restored to its original purpose the great banquetting hall; so that City clerks and merchants, as well as visitors from all parts of London, find in the venerable building the comforts and conveniences of a modern dining-room, where economy and luxury go hand in hand, and the wines of France and Germany are restored to the representatives of the men who drank their Clary and hippocras, as well as the beer that has ever since been regarded as the drink of Britain. There is in London no more striking example of a rightly-directed enterprise than that conversion of the ancient City palace to the purposes of the modern hostelry.



PUBLIC SCHOOL TYPES.

MR. BUCKLE in his 'History of Civilization' ventures somewhere or other to start the question what modifications the English character might possibly undergo, if, instead of being a people addicted to the consumption of beer and other equally heavy beverages, we were to emulate the continental example, and adhere to light claret and the wines that are native to the banks of the Rhine. Should we be straightway metamorphosed into a nation volatile and lighthearted even as our lively neighbour the Gaul? Would all traces of our insular phlegmatism disappear? Should we become the inheritors of natures so mobile and facile as to renounce the Conservatism which in some shape or other is one of our invariable popular characteristics? Should we, in fact, be a race of men wholly different from what we at present are? The solution of the problem is difficult enough, seeing that, amongst other things necessary to be demonstrated before we could be sure of realizing the conditions essential to the case, is the point whether it would be possible in this misty climate of ours for the bulk of the people, the toiling masses, whose labour is intellectual as well as physical, to support themselves on the airy fluids which we have mentioned in lieu of the national heavy wet.

A more pertinent inquiry for our present purpose is what would be the difference felt in the development of our national manhood if we were to sweep off from the face of the earth all trace of such institutions as our public schools and universities? How far can the countless influences of these, and especially the former, be said to be indissolubly interwoven with the complicated network of our popular life? The well-known saying of the Duke of Wellington that the battle of Waterloo was won upon the playing-fields of Eton has been repeated so often that we are almost sick of hearing it. But after all it is typical of a great truth, sym-

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bolical of a mighty fact which admits of no trifling. What do the mass of parents send their sons to our public schools for? How is it that Eton and Harrow are full to overflowing—that it is almost as difficult to get a boy into either of those seminaries as to procure the *entrée* of the Carlton or Athenæum? It is not that the mental training which either of these seats of learning administers is so superlatively and exceptionally good. On the contrary, with the amazing strides which national education is making throughout the country, a dull boy, or one only moderately clever—and to one of these two classes the mass of our British boys belong—has far better chance of becoming saturated with a modicum of knowledge at some of those centres of instruction whose rise is altogether a more modern affair. Ninety boys out of every hundred, it is scarcely too much to assert, are despatched only to these great seminaries for no other purpose than that they may experience to the full the benefit of their social influences—that their characters may be strengthened and developed by the experiences of this little world, which is, after all, merely a microcosm of the great world outside. This being the function which a public school training is calculated and desired in the greater number of cases to perform, the immense force which these homes of education must possess upon the moulding of the characters of Englishmen generally is a self-evident fact.

What are the different variations of *morale*, the select types of character, which are produced under these influences? Or is it to be supposed that the development of the public school boy as a class is tolerably uniform, no matter what the particular school to which he may happen to belong—no matter whether he hail from Eton or Harrow, Winchester or Westminster, or from foundations infinitely less venerable and celebrated? As an order, doubtless, all public school

boys have certain broad social features in common which conclusively differentiate them from private school products. But the genus admits of specific subdivision, and the marks of separation visible in these subdivisions are sufficiently easy to trace.

'Eton gentlemen, Harrow bucks, Westminster scholars, and Winchester blackguards;' this is the way in which it was once fashionable, without any attempt at nicer distinctions or any question of the justice of the several classifications, to discriminate between the products of the famous institutions they enumerated. And the aphorism has about as much truth in it as such sayings usually have. It is just possible to conceive what may have originally given rise to this off-hand nomenclature—merely this, and nothing more. We must attempt a more philosophical system, and look at matters from a different point of view and with a minuter vision. When could we have a better time than at present for the completion of, at any rate, a portion of this task—when a more appropriate moment for commencing our investigation of the various and complex phenomena of public school character than now—now when the ground at Lord's is crowded with the whole of fashionable London—when what is pre-eminently the public school match of the year is in course of celebration, and for two days at least the young Etonian or Harrovian is indisputably the master of the situation and the hero of the hour? Look at them. See those boys of ours, how they saunter up and down the ground, threading their way in and out between the maze of carriages, knowing perfectly well that they or their schoolfellows it is who have been instrumental in emptying Belgrave and Mayfair upon Lord's ground to-day, yet, inferring from their perfect air of coolness and imperturbable stoicism of demeanour, sublimely unconscious of the fact. The society of the great schools and of the great world outside perpetually act and react upon each other. Good society hates

scenes, votes every eccentricity of manner and demonstrativeness of demeanour bad form: the schools have followed suit, and the ideal of deportment which an Eton or Harrow boy proposes to himself is of pure passionless exterior. But 'tis the old story. Expel Nature with a pitchfork, still will she assert her influence. The Etonian has schooled himself into undemonstrativeness persistently and well; but the ringing cheers which burst from those phalanges of boys in the dark-blue and light-blue ties whenever a good drive for four is made, or a clever ball bowled, tell us plainly enough that the old spirit is there as much as ever, and the enthusiasm, if greater, is only suppressed with partial success.

No wonder that England is proud of these her public school boys: no wonder that half a metropolis unites to applaud to the echo the athletic prowess of these youngsters: no wonder, too, that foreign potentates and princes should send their sons to Eton and Harrow, and when they see what Eton and Harrow can produce, devoutly say, 'Cum talis sis utinam noster esses.' If these lads have learned something of that self-containedness which is one of the great lessons of life; if, as they stroll to and fro over the green sward—we will call it green, if you please, if only for the poetry of the thing—independence and insouciance are stamped upon each feature of their countenance, the influence of their respective schools does not by any means end here. Pluck, endurance, honour, a detestation of what is bad style, and a horror of the bizarre—these are amongst the virtues which they have learned, and which leave so visible a stamp upon their features. Pretentious sometimes, conceited occasionally, now and then something of a braggadocio, your public school boy may be. These, however, are merely transient traits: time and the world will tone down much of toem, or perhaps cause them to disappear altogether.

It may possibly seem that to insist upon the existence of any very perceptible separate characteristics

in the Eton and the Harrow boy is to urge a distinction which is not a difference. Nevertheless, these characteristics there assuredly are, even though it may require some attention to be aware of them. 'Eton gentlemen and Harrow bucks,' and the phrase in a rough way hits off the more salient points fairly enough. The Eton boy, whatever he is, good, bad, or indifferent, dull or clever, indolent or industrious, a 'wet bob' or a 'dry bob,' is above everything the gentleman. He never forgets that he has a reputation to maintain; that he has the traditions of generations to support; and that the lustre of the prestige which has been transmitted to him through successive centuries of his predecessors must be handed down in its native purity to those who may come afterwards. Intense Conservatism is an ever-present feature in the young Etonian. The antiquity of the place, the venerable associations of which it is the centre, the memory of the illustrious personages who have been imbued with the elements of humanity and culture on the banks of the Thames—all these have exercised upon him, unconsciously very likely, precisely that degree and kind of moral influence which might have been expected. Eton, it must be remembered, has a larger number of customs peculiar to itself, a greater quantity of stock phrases symbolical of corresponding practices, and withal a vaster fund of reverence for these than any other public school in the world. Even an Eton master, however averse to the institution, for certain reasons connected with its operative effects, he might be, would not have it in his heart to interfere with the time-honoured usages of 'the long glass' and 'tap.' There is nothing surprising, therefore, if these accidents of usage, with the respect that they elicit and the observance they demand, have exercised an influence, not merely limited to the place in which they exist, sacred and inviolable, and have produced a frame of mind which the Eton boy carries home with him from school for the holiday, and a species

of moral attitude which he at once occupies towards the outside world. The merit of an ordinance consists in its age; that is the principle which has been impressed upon him by the training of his school life: that is one of the great results obtained from the social and educational conditions to which he has been submitted. Now there is little or nothing of this vein of sentiment in the Harrow boy. The history of the school which the pious yeoman founded is indeed reputable, ever glorious; but its past is not the past whose memories wreath themselves around the venerable motto *Floreat Etona*. The atmosphere of the place is different. Byron's oak still flourishes in the Harrow churchyard: but this, and much else like this, is of yesterday. There is none of that perpetuation of ancient events in modern celebration which at Eton is everything. Mr. Disraeli, whose insight into our social life is as keen as it could well be, has precisely hit off this side of Etonian existence in the conversations he has recorded between his schoolboys in 'Coningsby.'

There is indeed at Harrow and in the products which bear the imprimatur of sturdy John Lyle's school, a something which reminds one of Talleyrand's remark when he stepped into the brougham of a friend to whom that vehicle was a very recent acquisition, *Il sent de neuf*. The Harrovian will, indeed, refer to the roll-lists of his school, and then give the names of titled magnates and territorial magnates galore. It matters not. Eton ever has been the school of England, and so long as such institutions continue to exist, ever will be. When the Middlesex Seminary was an obscure establishment, the shades of pious Henry had achieved a European reputation. Harrow has gained her distinction rather from her popularity with the aristocracy of wealth than the aristocracy of birth. With Eton it has been exactly the reverse. 'Eton gentlemen and Harrow bucks:' the expression is perfectly correct, and tends to an undeniable truth. Dandyism, in the majority of cases, is the cha-

racteristic of the *nouveaux riches*: it is the attempt to supply by art what has been denied by nature. Dandyism, or, if we may be allowed the expression, buckism, is not confined to the mere wearing of clothes. It is visible in the manners of the man, as well as originated in the shop of the tailor. A consciousness of weakness prompts its manifestation. If we may be allowed to avail ourselves of a somewhat cockney metaphor, the difference that exists between Eton and Harrow is much that which is to be found between Mayfair and Belgravia. We take them each as they are: we like them both: and after all, as we have above hinted, to the mass of spectators the Etonian and Harrovian may appear in identical development. Even here we have but been able to assign to each traits which are scarcely apparent to the superficial gaze. Still, let the intelligent reader at this period, when both types of schoolboys are in town, ask one or two of each to dinner; and he will add his testimony to the justice of our remarks. He will see that there is something of the old style in the Eton boy that the Harrow has not, and will note the presence of a certain *je ne sais quoi* air, a subtle essence, which defies definition; an indescribable air of finish which, as it is eminently Etonian both in its birth and its development, so, too, is conspicuous in the Harrovian only by its absence.

What is a public school? We have completely outgrown the ancient answer which informed us that there were five institutions, and five only, to which the term was applicable. Judged according to that dictum, we should exclude from the category Rugby, Marlborough, Cheltenham, and a host of those other seminaries whose size and importance rival if they do not surpass that of Westminster, Winchester, and Charterhouse. For our present purpose we must prefer the newer foundations to the older. The Charterhouse boy is not a type at all, and much the same may be said of 'the Westminster scholar.' Nor is the reason far to seek. The

purity, nay, the very *personelle* of any school is preserved exactly in proportion as the number of boarders preponderate over the number of day scholars. National character, we are told, is but the result of a continued identity of social conditions. If that identity is weakened in degree or abbreviated in duration, the result is that the national character at once becomes less strongly defined. In the case of schools we can only have this continuity when the day scholars are in a minority, and that minority a very considerable one. If you once introduce a heterogeneous element in the shape of a body of boys whose school life is perpetually interrupted by life elsewhere, the result is that the whole spirit and the entire genius of the thing are lamentably destroyed. You fail to produce a distinct and separate type: you have a mongrel and an amalgam. Schoolboy life, to have its full influence, necessarily involves the idea of a considerable quantity of boys passing their time together. And if this condition is essential for the realization of the type, it is also essential for the preservation of anything like school discipline. When the parental inclination perpetually clashes with the magisterial authority; when the father and the pedagogue are brought into competition; and when the boy feels that he can appeal from the one to the other, farewell, not only to the production of a distinct class of schoolboy, but to the validity of all wholesome discipline. Westminster and Charterhouse have both suffered in the highest degree from this confusion of elements. The Eton boy is a distinct type, so is the Harrow: possibly even the Winchester: even about the youngster who hails from the home which learning has beneath the shades of the venerable abbey, there still linger some few traces of individuality: but as for your alumnus of Charterhouse, the whole case is different.

It is scarcely to be denied that both Westminster and Charterhouse have to pay a heavy price for their central sites and their metropolitan

homes. A school ought to be removed as far as possible beyond the reach of their influence. It ought to be self-contained: if it is desired to develop a separate and distinct phase of character it must be self-contained; and it ought, socially speaking, to be acted upon by external force only in an infinitesimal degree. The neighbourhood of Westminster and Charterhouse must inevitably tell heavily against them. Eton and Harrow look for their models within their own academical walls: the schoolboy whose school is merely a school in a town, and not the institution of the place, naturally takes his cue from the more imposing examples of exoteric existence. To say that a schoolboy uses slang, and that he is slangy, is to say two very different things. The former may be true of Eton and of Harrow, the latter certainly is not. Herein, as in a nutshell, is to be found the great distinction between the two large classes of our public school boys. Those frequent expeditions to the questionable resorts in the vicinity, the experiences which has been picked up in places where 'life' (of a certain kind) is to be seen, are not favourable to the agreeable development of the schoolboy character. For the proper application of these remarks to the disciple of Westminster and Charterhouse the works of Mr. Thackeray may be consulted *passim*.

Let us look at the young Rugbean—quite a different specimen from any of those which we have already contemplated. He is a stout-hearted, brave young Englishman enough—and when we have said that, we have said all. Dr. Arnold we reverence as much as any man living: Heaven forbid that we should utter any words save those of the profoundest respect touching his memory; but Dr. Arnold is one thing and Arnold and Water is another. This is the title which Arnold's Cambridge scholars earned at the time: it is a title, their right to which Rugby boys, as a body, have since done little to disprove. With the enervating waters of their own assumption they have diluted

the flavour of their exemplar, till they have almost extinguished the latter, and we can mainly discriminate the former. *Corruptio optimi pessima fit*: and we may be sure that this saying would in a very singular degree hold true in the case of Rugby's great head master. The real fact is, that the present generation of Rugby boys considers itself entitled to live on the reputation of the past; that the regis of Arnold's name sheds over them a certain glow of infallibility; and that for this reason they possess a kind of moral superiority over the rest of the world. Recognition of the nobility of manly strength has become with them a species of objectionable cant. Conceit, a wanton air of independence, a monstrous egotism, an unpleasantly patent self-consciousness—these are among the social attributes of your Rugby boy. Is that what Arnold wished?

If the Etonian and Harrovian are pre-eminently the polished stones, the *édition de luxe*, hot-pressed, cream-papered, and gilt-edged, of public school life, the Wykehamist is as pre-eminently the rough diamond, and the rude copy. About him there is nothing of that studied regard of the amenities of existence which make either of the others so socially pleasant. The Eton and the Harrow boy whom we see at Lord's is indeed a *boy*, but we feel that the lad is a gentleman, and we treat him as such. On the other hand, young Winchester impresses us as a 'cub.' We have no wish to be otherwise than rigidly impartial in this classification of ours. We are wholly unprejudiced. The point of view which we take is completely that of the outsider, and we speak not of special and exceptional instances, but merely of those cases which may be supposed roughly to constitute the rule.

Marlborough is an excellent school. If you want your son to get on, to be certain of a scholarship at Oxford, to acquire a power of interminable quotation of authorities at lecture, send him to the Wiltshire seminary. If, on the other hand, you wish to give him a good

social training, to see him acquire a pleasing address, to gain the reputation of a pleasant friend and an agreeable companion, despatch him elsewhere. All the faults which Rugby possesses Marlborough has magnified tenfold. But the reason is simple enough. Marlborough has carried all her notions of internal administration from the prototypes of the Warwickshire school. In the first instance, all her best masters came thence, and the only public school of which they knew anything was Rugby. The academical achievements of Marlborough have been something marvellous, and speak volumes to the industry of her masters, and the aptitude of

her pupils. Her triumphs in the cricket-field have not been contemptible. But these measures have not had the effect of militating against the entire applicability of anything we have said or could say *apropos* of the social characteristics of the Marlburian, past, present, or future. The boy is a good classic and a capital cricketer; but ask him to dine, and he will bore you to death with his ridiculously doxosophistical airs in about ten minutes. Perhaps after all this is merely natural. Marlborough is a very young school, and its prosperity is precocious, and its precocity is unfortunate in its results.

DOVE DALE.

IN many points of view Derbyshire is an excellent region for travel or sojourn in the Long Vacation. It is very accessible from town; the whole of it lies within a manageable compass; it boasts of some of the most celebrated landscapes in English scenery; it contains some of the most famous palaces of our nobility; it has districts crowded with a manufacturing population, and secluded vales that have hardly altered since the time of the Stuarts. If you go to Wales, or the western country of Devon and Cornwall, or the Rhine, or Switzerland, it is scarcely possible that you can work the map exhaustively, and there is always some critical prig who will authoritatively assure you that you have missed the particular places which, beyond all others, you ought to have seen. But if you go to Derbyshire at all, it is worth while to do it thoroughly; and you may do it thoroughly within the limits of a moderate furlough. Derbyshire is called a Midland county, but in reality, in character and climate, it rather belongs to the cluster of northern counties. You will see no district so pretty until, a hundred miles further on, you come to the Lake country. As soon as you have cleared out of the huge

station at Derby, you perceive how greatly the character of the scenery has changed for the better. You have left the wide expanse of dull flat country behind you, and now you catch glimpses of rocks and rivers, mountains and dales—picturesque bits that suggest idylls in themselves; then anon tall chimneys and the illumination of furnace fires. At Ambergate, the line to Matlock and Buxton, and thence to Manchester, branches off; and if you would do Derbyshire thoroughly, you must grow very familiar with this line of railway—the prettiest line that the whole railway map of England can display. I happily knew the district in old days, before it was polluted with the amount of pollution which even the prettiest line unavoidably brings with it. Chesterfield is a convenient station for head-quarters for some days. The crooked spire is a familiar object to travellers to the north; concerning which spire there is an ingenious theory, that it is not a crooked spire at all, but that the crookedness is an optical delusion. A dull and stationary town is Chesterfield—perhaps the dullest and most stationary in England; but it is surrounded by a network of villages—Brampton, Brimington,

Whittington, Staveley, &c., where there is an increasing population. Staveley has lately made itself famous for its resistance to Unionist tyranny—presenting a singular admixture of glimpses of wild sylvan beauty, with the usual sordid phenomena that belong to a region of coal-pits and iron-pits. Now, let me reckon up the Derbyshire sights which you can 'do' from Chesterfield. There is Bolsover Castle, which you may take on your way to Hardwick Hall. You will not see a more thoroughly English park, so well timbered with gnarled and giant oaks, in all the country, than Hardwick Park; and the stately old ivied hall has as noble a site as the Great Keep of Windsor itself. The lord of Hardwick is the Duke of Devonshire; and you have not been long in Derbyshire before you discover that the Duke of Devonshire is the king of the country. Other dukes there are who have dukeries here, as Bolsover Castle, belonging to the Duke of Portland, and Haddon Hall, belonging to the Duke of Rutland; but his grace of Devonshire, who in Devonshire does not own, I believe, an acre, is the lord of many a wide fair prospect in Derbyshire. The last reigning duke might have been surnamed the Magnificent; he had hundreds of thousands a year, and died hundreds of thousands in debt. The present duke, although little known to fame, is considered by many people to be the cleverest man in England. He was Senior Wrangler, or something of that kind, at Cambridge, and was chosen to succeed the late Prince Consort as Chancellor of the University. When he was complimented on his degree, he answered that no particular credit was due to him, as he had only given some attention to studies to which he had been always partial! The duke inherits both the genius and the blood of the philosopher Cavendish.

From Chesterfield it is quite a manageable walk to Chatsworth. Chatsworth is almost the imperial realization of a splendid dream. The old duke used to delight to look from his private windows at the great crowds that used to come

from our industrial centres to spend a long-lived summer day amid the glories of his domain. The river winds in front of the palace, beneath a fine bridge, through the lawn-like park, and the background is formed by dense woods that climb the hills and close the horizon. There are the huge conservatories through which you might drive a carriage and pair, which suggested to Paxton, the Chatsworth head-gardener, the idea of a Crystal Palace. The Chatsworth story is, that the future great man, when a poor lad, gained the magnificent duke's patronage by some adroitness in giving him a light for a cigar. The gardens are most elaborately beautiful, and the treasures of art in the palace, collected reckless of cost by a most skilled *virtuoso*, have a value very rarely surpassed; yet, after all, I think most persons will give the preference to the less adorned and more natural beauties of Hardwick. Haddon Hall, only a few miles from Chatsworth, is a place of entirely opposite, and even antagonistic attractions. It has been long dismantled for human habitation, except when there has perchance been some festive gathering in this part of the shire, when once more there is an illumination through the ancient windows, and revelry in the corridors and halls. But the exquisite beauty of the site is always fresh, the river winding in more sinuous folds than the Asian Mæander; the old stone staircase, the mediæval court, the lonely chapel, the echoing gallery, the princely garden-terrace, the hidden postern-door, whence the lady, heiress of the house, stole away with the lucky page faraway over the Derbyshire hills. Not far, also, is the pretty town of Bakewell, where you may lounge at leisure over the bridge; and if you are staying at the Rutland Arms, you may obtain license to fish, and refresh yourself—at least I did—with a huge venison pasty at my hostel. There is another hostel, the very ideal of an Elizabeth inn, at the pretty village of Rowsley, just outside the Chatsworth grounds. From Rowsley, a few minutes in the train will take

you to the little country village of Matlock, and the fashionable little town of Matlock Bath. The scenery is very good, but it is minute, and the whole of Matlock can comfortably be examined and disposed of in the course of the afternoon. It is to be mentioned with regret, that the pretty water at the base of the enormous cliffs, though called a river, is often nearly stagnant, and appears to be considerably peopled with water-rats. If you go direct from Chesterfield to Matlock, you should turn a little aside from the direct road to see the picturesque village of Ashover. I have never seen this village noted in any guide-book, but in early days I used to consider the village a kind of Happy Valley of Rasselas; and in the deep seclusion and the romantic character of the scenery, it is very well deserving of a visit. You may go from Matlock to Buxton by rail; but you will do better if you take the road from Bakewell to Buxton. This road, particularly if the journey is made in the opposite direction, is a glorious bit of travel. When you are at Buxton, you are in the neighbourhood of the Peak country, which ought to be thoroughly explored. At Castleton you attain the finest scenery which Derbyshire can boast, and it is quite worth while to descend the cavern, boat along the subterranean river, and allow the guides to show all the different points, and to tax all their experiments with powder.

These, then, are the most noticeable points of Derbyshire scenery, and, whatever else is neglected, these are not to be omitted. But there still remains one beautiful locality, rather remote and difficult of access from that remarkable group of show places for which Chesterfield or Bakewell is a convenient centre, which will amply repay your visit, and grow upon you the more your sojourn is prolonged. Almost opposite Haddon Hall, on the road between Bakewell and Rowsley, a lane strikes up the country. As you pass along this lonely road, you cannot fail to be struck with the thoroughly sylvan, thoroughly English character of the

landscape. There is something so sequestered and untravelled about this route which fulfils every aspiration to those who would desire something else than the usual worn paths. The late September days are most pleasant to travel in; the air balmy and cool; but the days close in early, and the road to Dove Dale is a very long road, and the intervening hills are very steep hills. Almost in the dark, the pony-carriage—for such was my humble conveyance on my most recent visit—had to go through a large pond, depth unknown, on the opposite side of which the path to Dove Dale is resumed. Tissington, which breaks the monotony of a long drive, is a pretty village, and, in some points of view, a memorable village; for here the well dressings, for which Derbyshire is memorable, have their chief seat of celebration. On Holy Thursday, after prayers in the parish church, and a sermon duly preached, parson and parishioners proceed to the different wells, and after that the well-flowering is performed. A hymn is sung at each well; and each well is decked with abundant flowers, woven into chaplets and designs, and the day is kept as a holiday. The imagery and associations attached to wells and fountains of water is of the simplest and most elevating kind; and we are glad to find that this innocent holiday is treated as a precious reliquary of the past, and held in due esteem. When we have left Tissington behind us, we descend down the steepest and most awkward of hills into the dale. We are reminded of the dialogue between *Viator* and *Piscator*.

VIATOR. 'What have we here—a church? As I'm an honest man, a very pretty church! Have you churches in this country, sir?'

PISCATOR. 'You see we have: but had you seen none, why should you make that doubt, sir?'

VIATOR. 'Why, if you will not be angry, I'll tell you: I thought myself a stage or two beyond Christendom.'

Here, then, is Dove Dale at last, the loved of such poets as Byron

and Montgomery, by such men as Chantrey and Sir Humphry Davy, by many other famous men whose names must be unrecorded here—beloved through a wide circuit of the midland shires by youth and maiden as the pleasantest scene of summer revel—especially beloved by the worthy brotherhood of anglers, 'men of meek and peaceable and gentle natures.' For many miles the river is the boundary between Derbyshire and Staffordshire, the walk through the dale being on the Derbyshire side. The beautiful scenery of the dale is some three miles long. It is not often that scenery so beautiful is prolonged to such continuance. To walk up the whole extent, and return and rest a while and examine minutely the points of the landscape, and explore adjacent scenery that well deserves attention, and thoroughly to imbibe the spirit of the beauties and purity of the scene, like holy matrimony, is a matter to be not lightly taken in hand, but ought to be done deliberately and advisedly. It is a long, winding valley, and the soft air, with gentle violence, blows full of balm along the gorge. The foliage feathers down to the water's edge, or grassy hills arise on, often enough, the bare, dark, precipitous, worn, granity tors. Some strike boldly to the sky, some threateningly bend forward as if to strike and overwhelm. Some of these tors break up into pinnacles, scarps, bulky fragments that would seem to totter to their fall; some have been hurled backward, in the primitive convulsion of nature, and are hollowed into holes and caves. The stone ferns are here; here, too, is the grey lichen, and the overgrowth of underwood is all about. The hazels trail their boughs in the streams; the clumps of birch trees adorn the slopes, but the segregated tors form neither shadow nor foliage, naked, mysterious, stern, defiant. Each has its separate name, many their tradition, a few their genuine stories of peril and deathly accident. The constant river laves their bases and reflects their forms evermore, unchanged, rapid and clear in its course, even as the bird, which lends

it a name, shoots, rapid and clear, through the unclouded sky overhead.

The images left by Dove Dale are of a peculiarly clear and vivid nature; you have an exact embodiment of the simple poetic vision of green pastures and still waters. Nor of these alone. The precipitous mountain overhangs the prospect, the gorge closes in, the rocks hang down their festoons, the high tors rise, innumerable and fantastic. The dark pure river, dark from its mossy bed, hurries onwards, growing more and more silvery on the way, to lose itself in the broad Trent. So narrow is the path by the marge, made difficult by the roots of the trees that spring up by the water side whose green crowns wave far below the summits of the tors, by the protuberant hills whose bases are thickly clustered around by ferns and wild flowers. Then, the rocks retire back from the river, and leave a clear space of lawn, not unprotected by the shadow of abundant foliage, where you may realize that old delight to which Horace and the Horatian tribe have always been so prone, stretched on the living turf, listening to the strain of the living water. You have a book in your hand befitting the lazy season and the enchanted spot, and whether you read, or whether in thought and reverie the book escapes from your listless grasp, or whether you sleep under the open eye of heaven, it is all equally well with you. 'Sleep, my son; sleep in the sun is good,' wrote the old Greek dramatist. Is it merely reverie, or is it the summer noonday dream, that the old days of the seventeenth century are renewed for you, and yonder little group, sitting down on the brink of yonder shore, assume the garb and talk the dialect of a long-vanished day? That good old man, brow so broad, hair so silvery, speech so honest and courteous, must needs be, methinks, the well-loved Izaak Walton. That surely must be the young Izaak, who is making a sketch of that range of tors which the country fancy has called 'The Apostles.' There is another young man there, in sword and velvet and with courtly phrase, I am

afraid with an eye that wanders towards yonder country lass; an air that, though refined, has something reckless and dissipated in it, who is gentleman and scholar and yet reckless and uneasy, but he, too, listens to the elder man and calls him 'father.' He looks over the shoulder of the younger man with approval of the light touches, and murmurs to himself as he lays his languid limbs on the grass—

'Oh! my beloved nymph, fair Dove,
Princess of rivers! how I love
Upon thy flow'ry banks to lie;
And view thy silver stream,
When glided by the summer beam.'

Ah, yes! That must be Charles Cotton, the lord of Beresford Hall hereabouts, and yet distracted by duns and bailiffs, and glad to hide, if the rumour be true, in a neighbouring cavern. I am afraid there is a dark future before him—if certain rumours be true, prison and suicide; but just now he is innocent and happy, tranquillized by the concordant voices of the beloved stream and 'my father Walton.' Yes, the full river of speech flows from the lips of the old man eloquent, not otherwise than as the Dove itself murmurs on, musical and rapid. But in his talk the old man is most intent upon his fishing. He does not think so much of his son's little sketch, a new-fangled and unbusiness-like amusement most befitting that idle Italian people of whom his friend Wotton, the late Venetian ambassador, discourses him so largely. You do not find in Walton any poetical, or at least any artistic, pictorial talk; he never gives you word-paintings of the river landscapes he knows so well; there is not even a syllable whispered of these strange rocks and tors; trout and grayling have more solid and substantial charms in those clear, wise, twinkling eyes. He is talking the talk, which, if we could only set it down, would bring the early Stuart days as vividly before us as Pepys has recalled the later Stuart times. He is acute and practical enough, the fair-dealing merchant who keeps the hosiery shop at the corner of Chancery Lane, and re-

tired on his modest profits to the rural district of Clerkenwell. He is telling his friends what capital three days' fishing he had last month, when he had his annual holiday at Eton, and his friend the worthy Provost took him to his fishing-lodge at Black Pot, and afterwards showed him Savile's superb edition of 'Chrysostom' in the Eton library. Or perhaps he is giving reminiscences of a life peculiarly rich in such—of the days he spent beneath the beeches of the park of Farnham Castle with the good Bishop of Winchester—how in the evil time of the Commonwealth, on a biting cold day, he met the great Sanderson, and took him into a public-house, where they had bread and cheese and beer together, and the good bishop told him how he comforted his soul in adversities with the Psalms of David; how he used to greet friend Dean Donne Hunter at St. Paul's; and how he went down to the old church at Chelsea to hear the dean preach the funeral sermon of Lady Danvers, the mother of that poet and scholar George Herbert, who, we may feel sure, was likewise one of the rapt auditory. Wisely, religiously, and quaintly does he talk, and there is also a fund of infinite observation and delicate humour about him. Likewise those trout—surely larger and fresher than caught now-a-days—will be keenly looked after, the very worms handled 'as though he loved them,' for he has an eye to his modest supper and the cool tankard of good Derbyshire beer which will be its accompaniment. He will perhaps quote to his friends the favourite text which he took as the motto of his 'Angler': 'Simon Peter saith, I go a fishing. They say unto him, We also go with thee.' Perhaps he lovingly dwells on the glory of the setting or the rising sun, as he did in his matchless book: 'And this, and many other like blessings we enjoy daily; and for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made the Sun, and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers and showers

and stomachs and meat and content and leisure to go a-fishing.'

Thus much is dreamful reverie and half memory, half fancy. You are awakened from the images of the past by the pleasant, gleeful sounds of the living present. Kate and Arabella are having a duet, and the splendid voices with trumpet distinctness sweep through the gorge. You, my young friend, that saunter by with that silken lady fair, I can forgive you that half-fierce military glance at a mere listless loungee, because I know you will be docile and submissive enough all the afternoon to those fine and glancing eyes. Only do not pretend that you two must spend a whole hour among the tress pretending to search for a suitable place for lunch, when there is none that might not suit. But they do this sort of thing in Arcadia, and you two are *Arcades ambo*. Yonder stout gentleman thinks that the finest sight here will be the sight of the well-spread lunch cloth on the ground, and he and the rest of the parties, like Mr. Tennyson, 'will not shun the foaming grape of Eastern France.' And here are the children and maidens of the place, offering fruits, and ferns, and flowers, and other mementoes for a happy Dove Dale time. I wonder to myself if any one of you is like Wordsworth's Lucy. I wonder where Lucy dwelt. Was it at the picture-village of Ilam yonder, or at Dove-head, where the fountain of the stream first gushes forth, or Narrow-dale, or Hope-dale, or Mill-dale?

'She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

'A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star when only one,
Is shining in the sky.

'She lived unknown, and few could know,
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh
The difference to me !

I arise up and go to my hostel, the Izaak Walton. Ah, my military friend! when you come to my time of life you will think that a good

dinner indoors is just as enjoyable and much more comfortable than out on the grass. I ask carefully whether Izaak Walton ever really lived here. They point out to me what part of the house is modern, and they take me to a long, low room, which might have been the room where he and his friends had their 'evenings,' and it has that steady, seventeenth-century-look about it, that I mean to adhere to this belief and maintain it. Anon we must go to the fishing house which Cotton built for Walton—read the inscriptions which they read '*pisicatoribus sacrum*,' look through the windows which they looked through, enjoy as they enjoyed this, 'a kind of peninsula with a delicate clear river about it.'

Before I conclude this paper I will quote from my '*Florilegium*' a fine passage I recently disinterred from a work now little read. In Goldsmith's '*Animated Nature*,' which was mere bookwork concocted for the booksellers, we suddenly meet with a beautiful passage in reference to Izaak Walton which might well compare with the choicest parts of '*The Traveller*' or '*Deserted Village*': 'Happy England! where the sea furnishes an abundant and luxurious repast, and the fresh waters an innocent and harmless pastime; where the angler, in cheerful solitude, strolls by the edge of the stream and fears neither the coiled snake nor the lurking crocodile; where he can retire at night, with his few trout—to borrow the pretty description of old Walton—to a friendly cottage, where the landlady is good and the daughter innocent and beautiful; where the room is cleanly with lavender in the sheets and twenty ballads stuck about the wall! There he can enjoy the company of a talkative brother sportsman, have his trout dressed for supper, tell tales, sing old tunes, or make a catch! There he can talk of the wonders of nature with learned admiration, or find some harmless sport to content him, and pass away a little time, without offence to God or injury to man.'

F. A.

THE BROMPTON HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION.

I SUPPOSE there are few of us who have not noticed that palatial building abutting on Onslow Square, in the Brompton Road, which is, in fact, one of the handsomest and most interesting of London hospitals, and which both testifies and appeals to large-hearted charity, in that noble phrase, dear to every patriotic Englishman, 'Supported by voluntary contributions.' There have been few hours more sadly pleasant than those which I have spent in the repeated inspection of the hospital and in familiarizing myself with its most interesting details. To me those trim gardens, those spacious wards, those long galleries, that exquisite chapel, are as interesting as could be any picture-gallery, palace, or museum in all Europe. There is a human interest also, of a strong personal and dramatic kind, which can never be realized in any delineation of fictitious suffering. In the thought of the suffering alleviated, the consolations conferred, the useful knowledge stored up by such an institution, there must be a source of the deepest gratification to every lover of his kind.

But let me first tell a plain story very plainly. A generation ago it was generally thought that consumption was altogether an incurable disease. The hospitals were altogether slack to open their gates to cases hopeless and helpless. Those institutions could hardly afford to receive the inmate whose case would be long, lingering, and ultimately fatal. But it was felt by kindly hearts that this very set of circumstances was such as to give the poor sufferer a peculiar claim on sympathy and kindness. The tremendous preponderance of chest diseases over all other diseases filled the country with patients whose simple direful histories made them worthy recipients of the benefits of such an institution. It so providentially happened that about the time that this hospital arose a very remarkable stride was made by medical science in the treatment of

this disease. About the year 1840 a little work, published by a provincial medical man, Mr. Bodington, of Sutton Coldfield, indicated a simple and decided curative method, and even medical science, that had been skilful in diagnosis but mainly despairing and feeble in treatment, grappled with great energy with the difficulties presented by such cases, devising many palliatives and even methods of cure in the earlier stages. Consequently the hospital was commenced under happy auguries, and has enjoyed a long career of extensive usefulness. Every means of cure or alleviation that human ingenuity could suggest or unstinted liberality procure has been freely tried. No comfort or even expensive luxury is withheld if, in medical opinion, it is likely to prove beneficial. I see that even champagne is administered in some cases, a wine that stands high on the list of medicines. Looking down the report, I noticed that some good Christian had sent the hospital sundry presents of champagne. And those who have an unlimited enjoyment of wines, fruit, and game would perhaps have better appetites and better digestion if they knew that they had sent off basket or hamper to our hospital. It must be quite a paradise to poor patients. With narrow means, in ill-ventilated dwellings, they have scanty chances of recovery, and suddenly they are transferred to a palatial abode, where the best medical skill in London is at their disposal—where the best food and medicine are regularly supplied—where every circumstance of diet, clothing, temperature, is accurately tested—and where pleasant occupation and relaxation are abundantly provided. Indeed if I were to hint any criticism on the management of the institution, which I should do with the utmost diffidence, I should imagine that on the whole the treatment generally is of too generous and stimulative a kind. I am afraid that they must feel the contrast very keenly when their term—

three months, in rare instances prolonged to six—is completed, and they have to return to their own homes. Great efforts have been made to mitigate and improve the condition of the patients both before and after their admission as actual inmates. A period of from two to ten weeks ordinarily elapses between the giving of a letter of recommendation and the admission of a patient. But the recommended person at once becomes an out-patient; and some benevolent ladies are now conducting an auxiliary institution at the Manor House, Chelsea. This institution is designed for those who are waiting their turns for admission to the hospital, or who, after leaving it, shall need a refuge till they can re-establish their health or find suitable employment. They have a cheerful home, with a large sheltered garden, and the use of a good kitchen, but they have to provide their own means of living until a larger expansion of Christian plans permits an extension of this as of many other Christian schemes. A similar institution is the Rose Fund in connection with the hospital. Mr. Philip Rose had so large a share in the origin and progress of the hospital that he may be justly regarded as its founder. It was very natural that his associates in this good work should desire some permanent commemoration of it in a portrait for the new board-room, and a subscription was rapidly filled up for this desirable purpose. But when the good man heard of it he earnestly requested that the design might be abandoned, and the subscription went towards a Rose Fund to give help in money and clothing to patients leaving the hospital. There is only one addition which we should much desire to see made to the admirable accessories to the hospital. We should very much like to see a convalescent hospital on the cottage plan, which on the whole appears to us preferable to the ordinary plan, established in some desirable neighbourhood on the south coast. The other day, passing through the Undercliff of the Isle of Wight, I

noticed the building of such a cottage hospital in progression, and I believe that there are similar institutions at Bournemouth, Seaford, and other places; and I should like to see one, on a large scale, directly affiliated to the Brompton Hospital.

We will now stroll about the hospital and go a little into details. We see the patients, feeble folk, like the coney, sunning themselves in the grounds or resting on the benches. They have been saved any stress of exertion by the use of the lift; and the hospital lift, unlike those at some great hotels, is never out of order. You may enter into converse with the inmates; but I need hardly say that any conversation of this kind must be managed with skill and delicacy. Any community of suffering will at once create a kind of freemasonry. Part of the ground floor, on a level with the gardens, contains the dispensary and the rooms for out-patients. The number of these out-patients has rapidly increased from year to year, as the great advantages of the institution have become apparent; and at the present time they can hardly fall much short of the rate of ten thousand annually. The only drawback to this is to be found in the reflection that very many persons will be resorting to this charity who can well afford to pay a doctor of their own—a serious and growing detriment to the medical profession. The remedy is that the governors should be cautious in issuing their letters of recommendation. This department is now quite separate from the house. The ventilation is by means of an ingenious apparatus invented by Dr. Neil Arnott. They also make a point of using fires in addition to this apparatus for the sake of cheerfulness and warmth. The same steam serves the kitchen, warms the baths, turns the spit, grinds the coffee, and raises the lift. The temperature, pleasant and equable, is carefully maintained. It is very pleasant to move about the long, spacious, well-lighted corridors. For a short time you might even forget that you were in a hospital at all, and think that you were lounging in a pleasant gallery de-

signed for recreation. You feel this especially in the lower floor, designed for female inmates, adorned with so many little feminine graces. They are walking about, chatting together on easy chairs and soft couches. There are bookshelves about with well-worn books thereon; religious literature, useful literature, and also a fair amount of novels and newspapers. They take in both dailies and weeklies also, and they shall have at least this monthly magazine as well. The chaplain says that there is always a demand for literature, and that books and periodicals prove most acceptable presents. Each gallery has separate bookcases, which divide off the general contents of the library. It is a pleasant sight to see the inmates at tea, such of them, at least, as are able to gather together to the social meal in the gallery. It is a very social meal at the hospital. Formerly the dietary consisted only of coffee or cocoa, but now tea and butter have been added, and tea and butter are most important items in the evening meal of the poor. These worthy people have also a passion for watercresses. They have to buy their watercresses, but then, in the purchase of watercresses, even a halfpenny goes a long way. Many of them have solids ordered in addition. The tables are frequently adorned with flowers, perchance the gift of kindly friends. But even at this time we see the forms of the medical attendant and his clinical clerk flitting through the gallery to the different wards. The inmates have the advantage of the constant attention of an excellent chaplain, and the supervision of a committee, kind-hearted and sympathising. Every Monday evening, from January to May, entertainments are given to them, lectures, dissolving views, readings, music, legerdemain, &c.; and it is satisfactory to know that the committee are satisfied that they have proved eminently successful in cheering and enlivening the patients. The second floor is given up to the men; the attics to the nurses and servants; the lower rooms to the clinical assistants. The west wing is called the Victoria gallery, and

her gracious Majesty has not only been the patroness, but always the firm friend of the institution. The gallery of the east wing is called the Jenny Lind gallery: it will be remembered how munificently Madame Goldschmidt gave the brilliant services which enabled the committee to begin this part of the edifice. On the second floor, the gallery is called after Prince Albert, who in 1844 laid the foundation-stone of the hospital. The east gallery is most deservedly named after the Rev. Sir Henry Foulis. Sir Henry also built, at his own expense, the exquisite chapel attached to the hospital. It is luxuriously fitted up, but in the peculiar case of an invalid congregation, luxury becomes a necessity. The chapel might well belong to some collegiate or cathedral edifice; a dim, religious light is suffused through the painted glass; modest ornamentation is not wanting, and the building has a thoroughly ecclesiastical character.

There is, of course, a very great difference among the patients. Some are so exceedingly ill that they are unable to leave their rooms and only come here to die. Such thoroughly hopeless cases ought very rarely to be admitted, as in very advanced cases the treatment must fail to benefit the sufferers, must depress their fellow-patients, and will probably be excluding a more hopeful cases. At other times the disorder has made such a slight advance that it is almost difficult to believe that they are really ill. With all of them there seems to be the same cheerful, submissive, grateful converse; fervent acknowledgments of the kindness they receive, and the evidence of that softening, purifying result so often produced by a prolonged illness. Sometimes in the case of a tall, graceful girl, the hectic flush is hardly to be distinguished from youthful loveliness. It has always been noted how consumption has a natural affinity for the fairest blossoms. Nothing can be more gratifying than to detect the genuine blush of returning health. Most pitiable is the case of little children, very little children indeed, who are suffering

in their chests. They die off, like the flowers of the field, almost as peacefully and unconscious of danger. I have had some interesting conversation with patients. One, I remember, had been a shopman in a very fashionable draper's shop in the West-end. The work involved late hours, bad air, constant movement, and the lifting of heavy weights. I imagine that drapers' assistants, as a class, are very liable to phthisis. The same causes are, however, operating towards the same result in a variety of directions. Work too prolonged, and the want of open breathing-spaces; workshops and dwelling-houses ill-constructed, overcrowded, unventilated, are main causes; sometimes hereditary weakness, or casual illness, perhaps of that most suspicious kind, a neglected cold.

I suppose that, as a rule, nothing can be drier or more unnecessary reading than to look over the list of subscriptions and donations to a charity; yet as I looked over this list I found in it many points of interest. I see, for instance, that at the fashionable church which almost adjoins the chapel very large sums have been collected, which makes the incumbent a governor almost to an unlimited extent. Then I see how much the poet Robert Montgomery did for the institution. One of the wards, I observe, is called after his name. He was not a good poet, but still he was not so bad a poet as Macaulay made him; out to be; for in that case his poems would not have run through so many editions. But he was a good man, and did good work as a clergyman and theological writer. His sympathies were enthusiastically enlisted on behalf of the chapel; and I am sure that Macaulay, who in his later years had an increasing passion for benevolence, on this ground would have co-operated heart and soul with the man whom he reviewed too slashingly to be altogether just. I see here a large subscription from a very gifted man. I am much afraid that his own chest is far from sound, and thus we have the effect of the blessed bond of sympathy. I see a man subscribing an unwonted sub-

scription for one of his hard character; but I know how he has lost the flowerets of his own home, and this tells me something. Again and again I notice sums 'From an In-Patient,' 'From an Out-Patient.' Let no man say that gratitude is an extinct virtue. The sums are modest, but the love has been deep and prompt. Here is a list of preachers. I observe that the largest sum raised at a collection was after a sermon by the Bishop of Oxford, except, perhaps, the Bishop of Peterborough. I believe it is calculated that the bishop can get in this way just as much money again as anybody else. I see that our political leaders subscribe, Lord Derby, Lord Stanley, Mr. Disraeli, Earl Russell; literary men, like Dickens and Ruskin; artists, as Millais, and so on. Some of the entries are affecting enough. Thus, 'In Memory of G. F. M., 1860.' Then we have 'A Thank-offering,' in remembrance, perhaps, of a happy recovery. Then, again, we have a large sum under the head 'Offerings to Almighty God in the house of J. W. B., whose death was occasioned by abscess in the lungs.' Then comes an anonymous thousand pounds from one who will not let her left hand know what her right hand doeth. There are several subscriptions with the affecting words 'In memoriam,' or 'In memory of Annie H., from her sorrowing parents.' Then some one slips a five-pound note into the alm's box, 'God's gift to his poor.' The initial letters of the alphabet are very liberal; and large sums come in from that ever-useful being, 'A Friend,' who repeatedly proves himself to be a friend indeed. The City Companies come out nobly. What glimpses and glances of sorrow and goodness do we obtain, which indeed I should hesitate to bring out from their almost privacy, save that the fragrance of their example may be spread abroad—the fragrance of this ointment be diffused.

And if society maintains this palatial hospital, it must be recollected also that the hospital does much for society. It must be remembered also how, in its thoughtlessness and extravagance, or by its stern, necessary

commands, society does much to feed the hospice with the victims of consumption. The poor mechanic, inhaling the poisonous dust, or perchance the sempstress, working through the night in disobedience to the law of the land, but obeying the more inexorable law of fashion and its wants, have sent their contributories to the disabled ranks of the diseased. This is one of the reasons why the wealthy should largely contribute to such an object. Those especially who, perchance in Italian homes, or in southern isles, are drooping with hectic languishing, will surely have some chord of sympathy touched for those afflicted thus; and assuredly their costly remedies will not be less efficacious if they thus propitiate heaven with charity and self-denial. It would not be difficult to prove to demonstration how such an hospital is most helpful to the vital interests of society. It affords a school of medical study for the most complex, insidious, and widely prevalent of disorders. Its medical offices are valued as posts of honour; its experience is of the highest importance to students, and attendance here is accepted by great institutions as an integral part of medical education.

It may be said that the cure of consumption is the greatest problem in therapeutics; and if ever a cure is to be discovered it will be, in all probability, through that process of careful observation and accurate induction which can only be secured by a vast hospital of this kind. For my own part I hardly doubt, but somewhere in the realm of nature there is an antidote to tubercle as sure as the discovered prophylactic against

small-pox. Then, through the accumulation of facts, some happy genius will reach to a dim surmise, and then to a daring guess, and afterwards to a scientific verification. This belongs to that wisdom which is hidden on every side around us, that man by searching may find it out. Already the progress of medical knowledge in recent years has been most marvellous in devising various palliatives for this illness, and in effecting its curability in the earlier stages; and we may venture to believe that remedies of a more specific character than those hitherto attained may before long be discovered. And albeit it may be some happy accident, like Newton's falling apple, or Jenner's discovery of inoculation, that may lead to the greatest *Eureka* of modern medicine, yet it is more consonant with probabilities and experience that such a glorious result should accrue from the methods of reasoning and observation practised at the Brompton medical school of consumption. It may be said that already modes of treatment have been tried, remedies tested, experiments made, results registered, that have been of the highest practical importance in the diagnosis and treatment of this disease throughout the country. So true is it that in our complex system of society there is a wonderful system of reciprocal good or evil. All members suffer or rejoice with the suffering and rejoicing member; and the golden deeds that ascend heavenwards in acts of charity descend in fertilizing showers of mercy upon the earth, both on the just and on the unjust, the evil and the good.

F. A.





Drawn by C. Roberts.]

IS IT FOR THIS!

[See 'Thekla']



IS IT FOR THIS

DESIDERIA !

Is it for this my life has weary grown,
 And yellow leaf instead of bloom appears?
 For this, that care upon my head has thrown
 The early snow, that tells of early tears?
 Is it for this I seem so lonely now,
 Though he is ever near and at my side,
 To tempt me towards despair, and tell me how
 My days are narrow'd and the world so wide?
 The day is dearest, when the daylight's dying,
 And sorrow sweetest, if she's softly sighing
 Low to my heart, forget
 All that is past—but yet,
 Is it for this?

Is it for this I gave them up my hand
 Because they preach'd to me of duty so?
 A hand exchanged for laces and for land;
 For old Sir Thomas was thrown in, you know.
 Is it for this he stifled me with furs,
 And wedged my fingers knuckle-deep with rings,
 And brought me down among his cows and curs,
 A wife, but with what wild imaginings!
 The days seem longer when the moonlight lingers,
 And will not touch the landscape with her fingers,
 So that each tender ray,
 Deep to my heart can say,
 Is it for this?

Is it for this I've said farewell!—farewell!
 Sweet love lie buried, for you may not wake?
 Dear murdered love, as these worn eyes will tell
 As tears repentant from mine eyelids shake.
 For this I sit surrounded by his plate,
 And wish myself the time a beggar-maid.
 For this respect grows daily nearer hate,
 And still the debt of duty is not paid.
 The gloaming's tenderest when I am lonely;
 For then to me the breezes whisper only
 Soft to my soul, regret
 Dies in the end; but yet,
 Is it for this?

Is it for this the children I could kiss
 About my knees and bosom cannot cling,
 And call me woman's sweetest name: for this
 Hushed is the lullaby my lips would sing.
 Ah, me! what might have been were doubly dear
 Both for its love and its anxiety;
 For I would rather love and starve a year
 Than live in wealth unloved eternally.
 My life seems sweeter when I dream I'm nearer
 The end of all, than all things which is dearer;
 Then will my parting breath
 Whisper, come kindly death,
 It is for this!

C. W. S.

IN THE HEART OF THE EARTH.

I THINK we created some excitement at Falmouth. Unconventional in our attire, merry in our deportment, excited in our demeanour, and altogether imbued with that excellent Mark Tapleian philosophy of being 'jolly under any circumstances,' it is small wonder that we did create some excitement at Falmouth. We have none of us a word to say against Falmouth—a charming, health-giving, and delightful spot, in the most beautiful of all English counties, Cornwall,—indeed, we are all of us inclined to mark with a white stone the day that the Falmouth expedition was proposed in a certain smoking room, of which history knoweth not, but individuals a very great deal. The little army that invaded the place of which I am speaking, where the sea is of the bluest and the harbour of the grandest description, was mixed in its tastes, talent, and temper. In this consisted our jollity. We gave and took; smothered our absurdities; advertised our excellences; offended no one, and seldom laid ourselves open to giving offence. I am not egotistical, for I am speaking of the party in its collective form. We behaved prettily on all occasions. It was too hot to put ourselves out of temper, and the society too pleasant to suggest boredom. If young Cecil, the budding poet, chose to read Tennyson's *Idylls*—backed up most strongly by Isaline Langworthy, with the fair hair and blue eyes—on the pleasant cliff underneath the castle, we raised no objection. Those who cared to hear Cecil spout listened; and those who detested poetry went to sleep. If the famous Farquharson, briefless barrister, orator, and sucking politician, chose to discuss Mr. John Stuart Mill and the female franchise, women's rights and the rest of it—backed up most strongly by Maude Carruthers, with the raven hair and olive complexion—we allowed him to rap his knuckles on the table, and talk us into a semi-idiotic state of stupor.

If Harry Armstrong found delight in bringing his London manners into Cornwall, and preferred the society of a certain soft-eyed little divinity who sold newspapers and gum-arabic in the town to our sweet society, we allowed him to make excuses for deserting us, and, with the exception of a little innocent and unavoidable 'chaff,' he was free to 'spoon' all day in the stationer's shop for aught we cared. We excused Lillian Corner's scales and morning exercises, for the sake of her Heller, Hiller, Schubert, and Chopin; her tarantellas, moonlight sonatas, and reveries, with which we were favoured in the evening if we behaved ourselves very prettily. The 'irrepressible Edgar,' as we used to call the youngest male member of our community, was allowed to give full vent to his overflowing spirits all day long, provided he woke us betimes in the morning to get our matutinal plunge in the blue waters that curled themselves refreshingly into 'Summer Cove.' And what of our host and hostess? Theirs indeed was a rule of love; and as they allowed us to do exactly as we liked, we were the more considerate in meeting their wishes and pulling all together.

We had vainly imagined that we had seen everything worth seeing in the environs of Falmouth, and enjoyed ourselves as much as is consistent with human nature, when our party received a valuable addition. A certain sweet songstress of whom the world has heard, and of whom the world will ere long hear a great deal more, came down amongst us to breathe her native air, and get new inspirations and health from the woods and caverns, and rocks and sea-music, with which we were surrounded.

But the songstress did not come alone. She brought her sweet voice and all our old pet songs; the songs set to words which were poetry, and the words wedded to music which breathed of love, and was therefore quite unsaleable; she

brought her cheery manner and her indomitable pluck—she has been in the saddle during the late American campaign for days and days, has this sweet songstress of mine,—and she brought her brother.

Her brother was such a good fellow that I must really introduce him with a little bit of a preface. He was, if I may make use of an expression, most puzzling at school, and most useful in after life—a walking oxymoron. He was an Englishman, and not an Englishman. An Englishman he was in heart, and speech, and bearing; but destiny had stolen him away from his native land years ago, to shed his cheeriness on other climes.

So much, however, did he love the old country, that once in every three or four years he wended his way back again—the lucky swallow!—his pockets full of gold, and his heart full of love, to spend a holiday in England and a little fortune in generosity.

During these holiday trips he never left his sister or his parents; and as his sister and his parents had chosen to run down to Falmouth, like a dutiful fellow, Washington followed them thither.

We were at breakfast when Washington burst in upon us at Falmouth; and breakfast at Falmouth was not such an early meal as it might have been. With that generosity and unselfishness which is characteristic of Englishmen, I will at once exculpate the whole male portion of our party.

The irrepressible Edgar was bound to wake us in the morning; and we were always on our backs in the sea by eight o'clock. But the women! oh, those dear women! Well, generally speaking, we had but little to complain of. They were cheerful, and bore the fatigue which strong-legged men not unfrequently impose upon fragile women without a murmur; but they were not proof against the nightly exercise of that highly necessary, but eminently female organ, the human tongue! At ten o'clock, deceptive yawns were chorussed forth, to take us off our guard, and persuade us to allow them to go to

bed. Not an objection was urged. The poet perhaps looked somewhat more lachrymose than usual, and the orator came to a dead stop in an able harangue on the 'Female Franchise,' but Isaline's hand was squeezed by the poet, and Maude's eyes followed by the orator, without another murmur at ten o'clock.

I am bound to confess that I don't altogether consider that the poet or the orator were quite fairly treated. Ten minutes after Isaline and Maude had disappeared in a bevy of beauty, the strangest, wildest, and most discordant noises proceeded from the upper regions.

That strange freemasonry of women which exists solely and entirely in the upper regions, at a time which should be devoted to sleep and rest, puts aside all thoughts of weariness previously assumed. Then commence the monkey-tricks of women. They wrestle and they plunge, they dance fandangoes in limited attire, they vie with one another in feats of agility and fancy; they talk, they do one another's hair, they do anything but that for which they left the sweet society of males—go to sleep!

The consequence is that, having devoted the freshest part of the night to folly, they have to devote the smallest part of the night to sleep. And when the morning comes, the great hungry men, ravenous from fresh air and salt water, have to fling pebbles and sand and gravel up at the windows in the upper regions, from which the tantalizing syrens will never emerge.

And so it came about that Washington found us at breakfast at an unorthodox hour, and we all got outrageously chafed. We very soon saw that there were to be no half-measures with Washington. He did not intend allowing the grass to grow under his feet. His stay in England was limited, and that which had to be done was evidently to be 'done quickly.'

I must say that, up to the time of Washington's arrival, we had not made the most of our time. In the little smoking room in which the expedition had been arranged, all sorts of excursions and drives, and

pic-nics and sails, had been mapped out.

But once at Falmouth, we dreamed away our time. It was very pleasant. We bathed till breakfast, and basked till lunch, and lounged till dinner, and sang and strolled till tea, and talked till bedtime; and so day after day slipped away, and Washington found us at breakfast prepared for another day's dream.

I suppose we wanted a leader. Energy—that is to say, personal energy—was out of the question. Washington assumed the vacant directorate and led us. It was a case of

'Ibimus! Ibimus! utcumque precedes Washington.'

To tell the truth, it was Washington who persuaded me to go into the heart of the earth.

He did not begin rashly or impetuously. He did not frighten me with an accurate description of the 'man-engine,' and the 'bucket,' and the interminable ladders; but in a light and airy way—before all the girls, by-the-by—he led the conversation gently up to mines and mining adventures. He told us how the Princess of Wales, and a talented contributor to 'Punch,' had been down the Botallack; and then taking stock of me, after a preliminary examination of my biceps and a general examination of other muscular developments, he asked me how I should like to be introduced to the Wheal Isabel.

'Of all things in the world,' I said, 'provided she be young and good-looking. But why Wheal? Is it a sign of endearment or a token of respect? Am I to understand from the mysterious word Wheal that Isabel is a Cornish Countess, or a Gipsy Queen? Introduce me to the Wheal Isabel? Certainly! Wheal or woe Isabel, could anything unfortunate be synonymous with such a charming appellation?'

'Hold hard!' he said; 'this Cornish air of ours has filled you too full of ozone. Restrain your ardour. Isabel is not an enchanting maiden fashioned by your poetical imagination. She is no gardener's

daughter, no maid of Tregedna, no coast mermaid, no Cornish beauty. She is black, deep, dirty, and terrible. She will cause you a ten-mile ride, trouble, fatigue, and some little expense; but the Wheal Isabel is worth knowing.'

'In heaven's name, then,' said I, 'who or what is she?'

'The Wheal Isabel,' said he, 'is one of the largest mines in this magnificent district; and if you would like to be introduced to her you shall.'

'Coal?' said I, shuddering.

'Or tin?' echoed the mucilaginous Armstrong.

'Gold, no doubt,' whispered Isabel in my ear.

'Nonsense,' said Washington; 'copper.'

I very soon saw that at this very early period of the entertainment there was no getting out of an introduction to Wheal Isabel.

The curiosity of the women was fairly aroused. And that was quite enough.

In an instant the programme was mapped out entirely to the satisfaction of the girls. We were all to ride over to the Wheal Isabel under the mentorship of Washington, and I was to be the unhappy victim sacrificed on the copper altar.

Friend Washington, who, at one time, had been all cockahoop about the dangers and daring of the expedition, got out of it, or rather of the fatiguing part of it, with that irritating air of indifference peculiar to leaders of expeditions.

'You know, my dear fellow, I have seen these kind of things so often before, that it is really hardly worth while the trouble of changing one's clothes for it,' said he, with that charming tone of superiority which is so comforting to the man who knows that he is about to make a fool of himself for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. 'But I would advise you to go down,' he added, suspicious that I would back out of it at the last moment. 'You will never regret it.'

And then he cleverly magnified me into a hero, whereat the girls said pretty and complimentary things, and the expedition was

finally arranged. Our cavalcade was not altogether pretty to look at, but I think it may be safely termed a good one to go. Falmouth was not great in saddle-horses.

We had a 'bus-horse, a hearse-horse, a fly-horse, a wall-eyed horse, and a broken pummel. With these excellent assistants to a ten-mile ride along the Cornish roads, we started, amidst much laughter of parents, and cheering of neighbouring butcher boys, on our journey to the Wheal Isabel.

Very black and barren grew the land as we neared the Queen of Copperdom. The trees somehow or other left off growing; the fields seemed sown with ashes instead of grass; tall chimneys emitted huge volumes of smoke, and deserted shafts, broken wheels, and grimy-looking monsters met us at every turn.

When four cross roads met amidst a labyrinth of shafts and out-houses in the centre of a blackened heath we drew rein.

'I think this must be the place,' said Washington. He was right. A stalwart Cornishman came out to meet us, and to him we presented our credentials, addressed to the Captain of the Mine.

The captain was somewhat disappointed, I think, when he found that we were not all to be indoctrinated into the mysteries of mining. Miners are after all but men, and the laughing merriment of our joyous girls had already won over the rough heart of the honest miner.

'No, it is only this gentleman,' said the treacherous Washington, with the old tone of superiority again. 'I have been down mines scores of times.'

This was all very well of Washington vaunting his superiority in this way, but why should he, by implication, assert that I was a fool because I was a novice, and because I had *not* been down a mine?

I was quite prepared to go through all the dirty work, but I wanted to be thought a hero, not a jackass.

The girls stood by me bravely. Their sympathy relieved me from some of the humiliation I felt, and

they seemed determined, at all events, that I should not go down into the heart of the earth without a cheer.

I was handed over to the tender mercies of a sub-captain, who hinted that it would be as well if two other miners were told off as a private escort, to guard me through the lower regions.

'It's as well to have two or three with you, sir,' said he; 'they treat you with more respect down below, and they're a rough lot, I can tell you.'

I assented, of course. At such a time it would, by no manner of means, be politic to dissent from anything or anybody.

For the next hour or so my life was in the hands of the slaves of the Wheal Isabel.

The sub-captain led me into a little out-house, where he personally superintended my toilette. I had imagined that it would merely be necessary to put a rough canvas suit over my ordinary clothes. But I was very soon disabused of this notion.

'We must have everything off, sir,' said my guide, in a soothing medical tone, as if he were about to operate on me. 'It's an awfully dirty place down there.'

The costume will bear description. I was first encased in flannel, clean, of course; and over this came an old clay-stained, muddy, stiff miner's suit. My feet were wrapt in two flannel dusters and then thrust into a pair of old miner's shoes, miles too big for me. On my head was placed a very stiff billy-cock hat, literally as hard as iron, smeared with tallow grease. On the brim in front the captain dabbed a lump of clay, and into this he stuck a farthing rushlight. About half a dozen more rushlights were suspended to my waist, and I was then pronounced ready for action.

On our way across the open to the hut in which our party was resting, my attendant asked me which way I intended to go down. Asked me, indeed! as if I knew what the good fellow was talking about. I was only anxious not to look a fool and to do exactly what I was told. I must own that I felt a perfect child in his hands.

'Will you go down,' said he, 'by the ladders, or by the bucket, or by the man-engine?'

He might just as well have asked me the Hindostanee for Wheal Isabel.

'The ladders,' said he, by way of explanation, 'are the most tiring and the most tedious. You will take a good hour to get down by the ladders. The bucket is a dirty way of going down; besides, in this mine, it is used alone for bringing up the rubble and the ore, and any interference with this arrangement stops the working of the mine. Now the man-engine is the quickest way, and it is the way all the men here go down. Would you like to try it?' and then he added, looking at me, 'but you must be very careful.'

This was the first suggestion that had been made to me that there was any danger in my undertaking. Now the principle of the bucket and the ladders I naturally understood, but I had no more idea what a man-engine was than the man in the moon. My mentor, for some mysterious reason of his own, kept on quietly pressing the superior advantage of the man-engine. And so I consented. If I had only known then, at that quiet moment, away from the laughing girls and the heroic Washington, what I was undertaking, and the mortal agony I was about to endure, my prudence would most certainly have got the better of my pride, and I should have been whizzed quietly down in the dirty bucket.

But as it was, in my ignorance and in the innocence of my heart, I decided, for the man-engine; and in a minute more I was ushered into the hut.

My quaint appearance was the signal for a loud burst of laughter. Some would 'never have known me, would you?' others pronounced me a fright; but one little soft angelic voice declared me to be 'a handsome young miner.'

'You're sure you are all right?' said the same little confiding voice. 'Have you had some brandy?'

'All right,' said I, feeling very pale. 'I should think so. Particularly now.'

'But how are you going down?' said the sweet voice; 'the captain has been telling us all about it.'

'By the man-engine.'

'For mercy's sake, don't! it's very dangerous if you're not accustomed to it. He told me so.'

That tone of entreaty persuaded me more than ever that I would take the most dangerous route. It was very brutal, I know, but at such a time I would sooner have died than shown the white feather.

They escorted me towards the infernal machine like a criminal on his road to execution.

'Set it a going, Bill,' said the sub-captain; and then in a few terse sentences he explained the principle of the engine.

Two parallel horizontal bars provided with iron steps at intervals of about ten yards, were for ever working up and down—up and down. The method of getting down the shaft was by passing from bar to bar and from step to step, the very instant the word 'Change' was given. It was essentially requisite to change the moment the word of command was given, and to make no bungle or shuffle about the operation. The engine waited for no man. There was no possibility of calling a halt, and no saving hand to catch one if a miss was made. All one's safety rested with one's self. One false step or false clutch at the next rung, and it would have been all over with me. Now this fun was all very well with the daylight shining down the shaft, when one could see the iron steps and see the handles, but in the pitch darkness it was simply awful. The rushlight in one's hat gave little or no light; and it was ten chances to one if the water dashing off the sides of the shaft did not extinguish it.

They practised me at first for a turn or two about a hundred yards up and down the shaft, and even in the daylight I bungled a little.

'You must change quicker, sir,' said my guide; 'if the iron steps knock against you it will be all up with you.'

I was very pale, I know, after the first short practice. I felt that



IN THE SELECT OF THE ALBION



Drawn by Gordon Thomson

IN THE HEART OF THE EARTH.

[See the Story.]

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I was doing a madcap act; I know that the men ought to have stopped me; the little voice, now quite trembling, begged me not to go; but I bit my lips and vowed I would not show the white feather.

'Do you think you are all right, sir?' said my guide. 'Will you go? You must decide now finally.'

'All right,' I said.

And then the bell rung, and down we went. I saw the little face—it was the very last thing I saw—and upon my honour I really and truly felt that I should never see that little face again except by a miracle.

But there was no time then to think of anything but my own safety.

That terribly monotonous word 'Change' came ringing out from the dark depths of the shaft, uttered by the sub-captain on the next ledge below me. And I knew that my life depended upon every change.

Hours, days, years, yes, and centuries, seemed to pass between every change. It was like a hideous nightmare. The awful suspense between every word of command; the feeling that something terrible might happen next time; the loneliness of my situation, the darkness of the shaft, the rush of the water, the glimmer of the rush-lights going down; the sad hollow echo of the captain's voice giving the word of command, and exhorting me to be careful, now kindly, now fearfully; all these things combined made up as hideous a day-dream as it is possible to conceive.

For full five and twenty minutes I was in this awful suspense, and in that time went through about five hundred changes.

At last, half blinded with beads of cold perspiration, and nearly dead with fright, I heard the welcome bell ring again, and I was safe on the first ledge of the mine.

The man-engine went no further, and the rest of the journey had to be accomplished by ladders. I never told the men what I suffered, but in a rough kindly way I was congratulated on my feat.

'I never thought you would have

come, sir,' said one. 'It frightens most after the first turn.'

'Can't you signal up that we are all safe,' said I, thinking of the little face.

'Yes, sir, to be sure.'

And they did.

The signal came back again, 'Thank God!' and all the miners took off their hats at the last signal. They are pious fellows, these Cornish miners.

I was quite two hours away from my friends, groping about, now on my hands and knees, now down ladders from ledge to ledge, now in a stooping position, now erect in the dark mysterious corridors I found in the heart of the earth. It was hot—stifling hot, hotter than the very hottest room in a Turkish bath. But the stalwart, half-clad men working away at the ore were so interesting, and the metal sparkled so on the ground, and the scene was so strange and fascinating, that I could not tear myself away.

On and on I went, still for ever walking on. I was very thirsty, and would have given anything for a draught of beer. But no stimulants of any kind are found in the heart of the earth. I was allowed however to put my mouth to the bung-hole of a water-barrel, and very refreshing was the draught.

'You can walk on like this for hours, sir,' said the captain, seeing I was tired, and still determined not to give in.

'Is it pretty much the same?'

'I think you have seen all now,' said he.

So we went back.

'Which way will you go?' said my guide.

I was very tired.

'In the bucket,' I said, without any hesitation.

With my pockets laden with copper ore, and in the rough embrace of a stalwart miner—for it was close quarters for two in the bucket—we were swung up to the daylight.

Dash went the bucket against the sides of the shaft, through which the water oozed and trickled and splashed. Lighter and lighter it became, until, at last, I saw above

me the clear, blue, cloudless sky; and, half-dazzled with the glaring light, and blinking like an old owl, I arrived safe and sound on terra firma.

They greeted me with another loud peal of laughter, louder and merrier than the last. My appearance was certainly not prepossessing. I was covered with red mud from head to foot, hot, dishevelled, wild, and weary. And then 'I smelt so pah!' as Hamlet says. However, a refreshing cold bath, a hair-brush, rough towels, and a change of clothes soon made me presentable; and after an excellent luncheon in the board-room of the owners of the

Wheal Isabel, we were all very soon trotting away towards Falmouth.

One word more. A brooch made from the copper ore I brought up from the mine rests on the neck of the owner of the little face which is looking at me as I write from a distant corner of the room. Sometimes when I am out of sorts—which is not very often now—I wake up suddenly from a disturbed dream in my old arm-chair, and fancy somehow that the little face is gone, that there is a strange singing in my ears, and from a dark unearthly vault a voice keeps moaning, 'Change.'

DOLGELLEY AND ITS ATTRACTIONS.

DOLGELLEY was built in the good old times, ages before the independent souls of burgesses were vexed by the restrictions of local boards, and when every Welshman's house was not only his castle, but a castle he could erect, very cheaply, just where he liked to pitch it. I use the word 'pitch' advisedly, for the architecture of Dolgelley has been described, very quaintly, by an old gentleman, after dinner, with the aid of a decanter and a handful of nutshells, thus: 'You see this decanter, that is the church.' Then taking the shells and pouring them over the decanter, he continued, 'and these are the houses!' And if you were to try for a week you could not describe the place better. It can scarcely be said that there is a street in the whole town, and yet Dolgelley is the capital of Merionethshire, and (now) possesses two railway stations. The main thoroughfare in the direction of one station is just 12 ft. 6 in. wide, and has no straight length of more than a dozen yards; and the inhabitants are jubilant because they see their way—in the erection of a market-hall—towards widening a right-angle corner to something approaching eighteen feet! The town, instead of streets, comprises a series of little squares, intersected by narrow lanes, and the houses are wholly built of large,

heavy grey stones, with material enough in them to supply mansions for a town twice the size, as mansions are now run up. Fancy all this in a place where, during the summer months, coaches and cars are rattling about all the day long, and far into the night too, and you will fancy a place the reality of which you will find nowhere but at Dolgelley.

I trust I have made the place look quaint enough, if somewhat dull and heavy in its proportions. But it is not to study architecture or to plan street improvements that people crowd to Dolgelley. The town lies in the very centre of attractions the like of which cannot be approached unless we cross the Channel, and then it is an even question whether they can be surpassed. When I speak of the crowds that throng Dolgelley, I refer chiefly to the traffic of last summer, for until that time there was no railway within miles of it: now there are two, the London and North Western (*via* Cambrian) and the Great Western. Both routes run through charming scenery, but the former goes further into Wales, consequently its tourist tickets are more extensive. By one or the other passengers can book for a month from all the great towns of England at exceedingly cheap rates, and it was noticeable, last

summer, that the landlords—those too often dreadful ogres—were wise in their generation, and, as a rule, did not disgust the tourist with outrageous charges.

But I am travelling away from the attractions that surround Dolgelley. First and foremost of course arises—

'That form sublime, that draweth upward ever
To airy points its far receding slopes—
Cathedral mountain, 'mid the thousand shrines
That lift their gorgeous steeples all around,
Replete with heavenward praise, where every
morn
The wild winds ring for worship—,'*

Cader Idris—to which these lines refer—is indeed a glorious mountain. Thousands of foreigners (*i. e.* non-Welshmen, natives rarely go up) have ascended its slopes, whilst those who know how to pronounce its name can be counted by dozens. 'Have you been up Kayder I-driss?' you will hear a cockney cousin ask over his pipe in the billiard-room of the Ship Hotel, naturally leading to the subject he feels so virtuous about, the achievement of the mountain. A little talk ensues, and perhaps the courteous landlord (of course a Jones) politely corrects a couple of mistakes by remarking, 'We Welshmen always say Cad-er Id-ris,' and the host is right. Then, as a natural sequence, the talk follows as to the meaning of the name, and sometimes a hot contest results. Some say that 'Idris' was a warrior, some that he was a philosopher, others that he was both: all that he used the mountain as an observatory, either to keep his eye on military tactics below, or on the stars above. Then as to 'Cader' there is a difference of opinion, those inclined to the military view holding that it means 'fortress,' those favouring the philosopher notion believing it to mean 'chair.' The latter opinion is the most generally received, but I am not aware that there is even a Welshman who believes that the Eisteddfod has produced a professor who can fill such a chair of philosophy! And this is saying much, for the Welshmen of the Eis-

teddfodau* are by no means deficient in self-esteem! Cader Idris has formed a bone of contention in other ways. And in using the word bone I steer clear of the geologists, who have had their quarrel over its rugged steep. A writer in a semi-scientific periodical, three years ago, was very angry with the compilers of those wonderful productions facetiously termed 'Guide-books,' and says: 'It is to be regretted that Guide-book writers, in describing Cader Idris, should copy the errors of one another, so as to leave the tourist in ignorance of what he may really expect in making the ascent of the mountain.' This promised well, but the writer left the mountain pretty much as he found it, all he did being to defend the theory of 'Watery Geology' against the belief of 'Volcanic Craters.' He was smartly commented upon in the 'Merionethshire Standard' by a local geologist, who preferred fire to water, and I think had the best of it. The height of the mountain, too, is sometimes disputed. Some authorities place it second only to Snowdon, but a larger number hold that it really is less in altitude than Arran-Fowddy (near Bala), Rhinog Fawr (between Harlech and Barmouth), and Diphwys, another mountain of the same district. But what it lacks in height Cader assuredly makes up in grandeur, and by all it is esteemed as the most beautiful of the Cambrian heights. I don't propose describing the ascent of the mountain. With the aid of a stout walking-stick and good lungs it may be done on two legs in three hours; feeble folk can readily, and without the slightest feeling of danger, accomplish the same end on four legs in about the same time. For this purpose ponies, that won't go astray if you try and make them, can be had at the hotels at the charge of six shillings each, conductor included, the latter generally an active boy who does not object to make himself generally useful if there is the prospect of a small gratuity. Charming views are

* 'Eisteddfodau' is the plural of Eisteddfod. The final 's' after the latter word is a common error made by English writers.

* From 'Three All Saints' Summers,' by the Rev. W. Walsham How, of Whittington, Oswestry.

to be obtained at various stages in the ascent, which form ample excuses for resting. One or two lakes are passed, notably Llyn-y-Gader, the 'Lake of the Chair,' where so fine an echo can be produced that the wonder is the Swiss style of cows'-horn music has not been imitated. At the top you cannot see so far as from Snowdon, but what is to be seen is more varied; not that the view is by any means limited. South we have Plimlimon and the Brecknock Beacons, east the Arran and Bala Lake—that wonderful sheet of water that is one day to supply the town of Liverpool with the element it so greatly needs—and far away beyond the Arran range the Berwyn is plainly visible, and, on moderately clear days, that centre of the proud Salopian's toast, 'the Wrekin,' adds a charm to the landscape. To the north Snowdon shuts up the view, and westerly there is the beautiful bay of Cardigan and the broad Atlantic. It is even said that the Cader view embraces more distant attractions; but the tourist telescopes provided by Guide-book writers are notoriously strong in their magnifying power, so I prefer confining myself to the capacity of visions like Sam Weller's, that are limited in their powers. And after all what does it matter? The eye can but be filled with beauty, and here the poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, may glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, to the utmost content of his heart.

There are several paths by which you can descend from the Chair of Idris. The hotel-keepers of course say that unless you take a guide you will speedily find very short ones indeed. And there is a measure of truth in what they say, for the mists so suddenly arise in the mountain districts that it is always safer to have a trustworthy man at your elbow who knows his way with his eyes shut. Still, I have gone up from Dolgelley to the top, and down to Talyllyn—that charming resort of lazy anglers—without a guide and without difficulty, that is, without difficulty in tracing the route, for the Talyllyn ascent is very rough and steep. Another favourite ascent

is from Barmouth (a rising watering-place—not yet spoiled—visited by Mr. Mark Lemon last summer, and photographed in 'Punch'). But my object is not so much to go into details, which can be gathered by the visitors in the several localities, as to induce tourists who rush to Switzerland first to see what 'Greater Britain' can produce; and having said so much about Cader Idris I will complete Mr. How's exquisite description of it, and proceed to note a few more of the attractions of Dolgelley.

—Let me add

My puny voice to all the mighty chant
That down thy sculptur'd aisles a thousand
streams
Chant as they march white-vested. Temple
vast,
Great dome, instinct with awe and thought
profound,
Whose silent regions and unmeasur'd space
Distill a sense of power and majesty,—
Whose mighty walls of fretted rock, and slopes
That front all aspects of the bowlow sky,—
Whose forms that in their changes infinite
Make thee complete in unity—whose vastness
And grandeur, that do unimpair'd embrace
The exquisite perfection of each part
Wrought with minutest skill—whose noon-
day glory
Scor'd with black shades of deep-cut masonry—
Whose vaults with lavish beauty studied,
bos'd
With cluster of huge angles, feather'd o'er
With foliage of all grace—whose marble
floors
Of airy lakes, that see the starry hosts
March nightly by,—whose proud head wreathed
round
With lightning storms,—whose sudden shout-
ing rush
Of hurricane, and tumult of swift winds,—
Whose winter torrents, and whose glazed
snows—
Yes, and whose gem-like flower most delicate
Nur'd in a cleft of rock amid the spray
Of waterfalls—all gloriously exalt
Thine awful Architect: I would bow low,
Great mountain, in thy vast and silent courts,
Filling my soul with worship unto Him
Who built thee for a temple to His praise.'

One of the strong attractions of Dolgelley to a large class of the community is the mineral wealth of the district; and many a Pater-familias, while his wife and daughters are hunting for ferns and wild flowers, is himself—with an eye to something more practical—'prospecting' for copper, lead, or gold. The gold fever in the district half a dozen years ago was something re-

markable, and I am surprised no popular account of it has been published. The natives tell me that certain mines had been worked for lead and copper for many years, the ore obtained being carried away into Flintshire, where it was smelted, small quantities of silver being extracted. It was supposed that gold existed in the quartz so plentifully found in the rocks—indeed sundry specks had been visible to the naked eye—but no one seemed to think that the quantity would pay for the labour of extraction. Events proved otherwise, and now the general impression is that some of the Merionethshire copper formerly smelted in Flintshire has been converted into rather more valuable kettles and saucepans than are usually to be met with in ordinary domestic life.

The gold fever commenced about 1860, and in this way. A Mr. Williams became the purchaser of the Vigna and Clogau mine, which is situated in a narrow valley in the mountains, five miles from Dolgelley on the Barmouth road. This had been worked for copper for a considerable period, but Mr. Williams tried for gold. Curious stories are told of the hopes, fears, and disappointments of the owner and his manager, John Parry, when one morning—it is said on the very day they had agreed to abandon the search, ruin staring them in the face—Parry made such a discovery as turned the heads of the whole community. The excitement was pardonable, for in a 'bunch' he turned out what proved to be *thirty-six thousand pounds worth of gold!* At once the fever raged. Nothing was talked of by day or dreamed of by night but

Gold! and gold! and gold without end!

Gold to lay by, and gold to spend,

Gold to give, and gold to lend,

And reversions of gold in future!

To say that the day of discovery was 'marked by a white stone' in the history of Dolgelley would merely be stating the literal fact, for soon every man you met would have a lump of quartz in his pocket and a scheme in his head, the realization of which would make him

the hero of a new El Dorado. The landlords who had possession of the heights into the sides of which the gold-seekers wished to burrow were besieged for leases. Cabinet ministers and leading statesmen came down to Dolgelley to join in the search for gold. One of the most democratic of Radicals, and one of the most popular men in England, became the chairman of a company under agreement with a Conservative of the Conservatives, and—socially—the most popular man in Wales. Yes; for once John Bright and Sir Watkin Wynn were in the same lobby, and the Castell-Carn-Dochan, the mine in question, held out when all the others, save one, had collapsed. Capitalists sank their manufactured gold in the hunt for the raw material, and limited liability companies, with almost unlimited resources, put up the perfection of machinery, engaged the most knowing hands, native and foreign, and thought they were laying the foundation of colossal fortunes.

But, alas for the dreamers and the workers! The finding of the nuggets at Clogau was a piece of good fortune not to be repeated. True, that company did net a profit of 20,000*l.* a year for two or three years after, but the bulk of the new ventures were failures, and now even the Vigna and Clogau barely pays its working expenses. The others are all closed. 'Ah, sir,' said an intelligent police-officer to me one night as I smoked my pipe on his beat at Dolgelley, 'if they had looked in their Bibles they would have found that gold was not to be discovered like other metals.' This was a Cave-of-Adulam allusion to me—I wonder whether Mr. Bright had thought of it—so I 'gave it up.' The sergeant explained: 'Don't you know, sir, it says in Job, "There is a vein for the silver and a place for gold"? so we are not led to expect to follow it up as we can some other minerals.' This is true, as the speculators found it. Many mines were opened—the Imperial, the Sovereign, the Prince of Wales, the Saint David, the Cambrian, the East Cambrian, &c. &c. Speedily the hill-sides

resounded with the clang of the iron stamps crushing the quartz, and all was life, hope, and activity. Like dogs, the mines had their day. Their big names were of no avail, and it was soon found that the 'Imperial' quartz yielded but a very short measure of gold; the patron saint of Wales was not propitiated by the venture dedicated to St. David; the 'Sovereign' absorbed more of its namesake than it produced stuff to make; and the East Cambrian, having produced little under the 'stamps' of iron, soon came under the hammer of the auctioneer. *Vigra* and *Clogau* is still worked, and every now and then other ventures are revived. Visitors to the district will do well to explore some of these, and they may, as I have done, occasionally pick up a bit of quartz containing visible specks of the genuine metal: they will always insure a charming walk.

And it is in charming walks and rides that Dolgelley is so especially attractive. You cannot go out from the town, in any direction, without being surprised into some new beauty. Taking the road to *Machynlleth* for the distance of a mile, a lane diverges to the left to *Dolserau*, the residence of Mr. Charles Edwards, ex-member for *Windsor*. Opposite the gates leading to the house a pathway called the 'Torrent Walk,' on the *Caerynwech* estate, winds up to a considerable height, down the side of which falls a most romantic little river which rises in the *Cader* range. Mr. Meredith Richards (grandson of the late Baron Richards) kindly allows the public to enjoy this beautiful retreat, and a more delightful way of spending a summer morning than in visiting it we cannot imagine. The walk mounts, sometimes by steps and sometimes by slopes, always in the sound and generally in sight of the mountain torrent, and both sight and sound of the water bounding over and between the immense boulders beneath are, on a hot day, wonderfully refreshing. Seats are placed at the most attractive points, and the ferns and wild flowers are so well protected by the public that they are allowed to grow in the very

cracks of the steps. The foliage around and above affords an agreeable shade, and here and there are peeps into the world without perfectly bewitching. After a mile or so of this quiet enjoyment the *Machynlleth* road is again reached, and, following it, the explorer soon reaches the *Cross Foxes* tavern, where he may just as well refresh himself if he wishes to prolong his walk, as I should most earnestly advise him to do. Leaving the *Cross Foxes*, and going due east, there is a steep ascent of a mile, when the summit of one of the grandest of the minor passes of Wales is attained. *Blwch-Oer-ddrws* (Cold-door-pass), as this is called, is almost unknown to the world of tourists. From the summit the view towards Dolgelley must be seen to be appreciated. *Cader Idris* rises a magnificent centre to the panorama, and the 'glorious estuary of the *Mawddach*'* up to *Barmouth* completes one of the grandest bits of Welsh scenery I know. Turning your back to this enchanting view, and walking on, after another mile of tolerably level ground, you begin to descend the pass, a place of gloomy grandeur, where, it is said, the friends of *Owain Glyndwr* assembled after the death of their chief 'for the purpose of making compacts to enforce virtue and order.' Some of the mountains here assume fantastic shapes, notably one on the right, which resembles a crouching lion of huge proportions. The pretty valley of *Cerrist* is reached in another mile, and the pedestrian enters on a cheerful turnpike road, with a sparkling river on one side and a fine amphitheatre of mountains beyond. A mile or two of this lands the visitor at *Dinas Mawddy*.

Now if you were to search Great Britain over and have to say where would be the most unlikely place to see a railway station you would say 'At *Dinas Mawddy*.' And yet there you find one. The place is perhaps the smallest city in the world, indeed any one might be pardoned for calling it a very insignificant village, but city it is, as the word '*dinas*'

* So described by the late Mr. Justice Talfourd in his '*Vacation Rambles*.'

implies. When you once get there from the Cold-door-pass you may naturally wonder how you are to find another door for egress, for the hamlet is, to all appearance, quite shut in by mountains. The very novelty of its position holds people there for a few weeks in the summer, especially if they are fond of the gentle art, for the Dovey, one of the best fishing rivers in Wales, runs through the valley. To Sir Edmund Buckley, M.P. for Newcastle-under-Lyme, Dinas owes its railway. That gentleman is the great landowner of the district, has built a mansion at the head of the city, and has made the line at his own cost, chiefly for the development of the slate traffic. The county abounds in minerals, and many distinguished Englishmen have their fingers in Merionethshire mineral pies! I may say, in passing, that the late Lord Palmerston was the chairman of a company at Festiniog, and I have heard an old miner tell with glee how he clothed the genial lord with suitable raiment, and stuck a candle into his hands, to arm him for an exploration of the levels. But this is a digression. Sir Edmund Buckley's railway runs through Mallwyd and Cemmes, a couple of Dovey fishing stations, to the Cambrian system, a distance of seven miles. By means of this line Dinas, where a few years ago not a word of English was spoken, has been introduced to the outer world. I remember one day standing on the side of one of the hills that shut in Dinas with a farmer of the neighbourhood who had lived there all his life, and his son who had just returned from a year's residence in London. Jones junior's 'comparisons were odorous,' and his nose turned up at everything Welsh. The London he had left seemed to be almost like the London Dick Whittington expected to find. At last Jones senior cut the lad short by pointing to the grand old mountains around, which the setting sun had lit up with a halo of gold, and asking him, 'John, did you see anything like this in London?' John hadn't, and we all silently enjoyed the wonderful transformation scene.

I hinted in the earlier part of my

paper that Englishmen made rather a mess of Welsh names. It has often occurred to me that the Guide-book people would do a great service to the travelling public if they would give an index of names of Welsh towns, villages, mountains, streams, and passes, with the proper pronunciation attached. The queries of tourists are sometimes perplexing. One day I was journeying by the Cambrian railway from Newtown to Machynlleth, when a gentleman in the carriage asked me where he was to change for *Malwed*. I said I knew Wales pretty well, but I thought there must be some mistake; at least there was no such place as *Malwed* known to fame. He replied, 'Oh, yes, there must be, for I am advised that there is a public conveyance from one of the stations to it.' I called the guard, and asked him. '*Malwed, Malwed*,' he muttered; 'blest if the gent mustn't mean *Mathlewed*.' And the gent did—*Mallwyd*, the fishing station on the Dovey, being the required haven. This difficulty of pronunciation has been got over in some places by the slaughter of the Welsh entirely, and the adoption of an English approximation to the sound. Thus in one of the best known of valleys the guards and porters at the railway station call out '*Llangol-len*.' What would the bard who wrote—

'While the maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly
on me,'

say if he could hear his lines thus barbarized?

But I have strayed from Dolgelley, and as we are at Dinas we may as well make a detour and go back by way of Bala. You will get about as good a notion of Welsh scenery in this walk as in thrice the distance on most of the beaten tracks. First you have a pass, *Bwlchgyroes*, described by the Guide-books as 'elevated and terrific!' then a mountain, *Arran Benllyn*—which, however, you do not ascend: then a waterfall; and lastly a lake with a river running through it! Once at Bala the Great Western Railway Company will take you to Dolgelley in an hour.

These railways rather bother old

stagers who used to 'do' Wales by coach and walking-stick. Occasionally you see them with their representatives of this generation, fighting their battles o'er again, and shaking their heads over the effeminacy of first-class cushions. They hardly know where they are, and the Guide-books don't help them, for the latter, instead of being entirely rewritten, are patched; old and new routes being so mixed as to perplex the sons and utterly to confound the fathers. 'Ah, my boy,' I heard an old gentleman say to his grandson, one day when the train pulled up at a station between Bala and Dolgelley, 'I remember this place (Drwsynant), but we walked to it from Dolgelley, and earned the oat-cake and crw-da we enjoyed at the inn! Very likely the inn is a limited-liability hotel now, and oat-cake a thing unheard-of.' Then followed the inevitable sigh over the world's changes. I advised the grandson, as the evening was fine, to get out at Drwsynant, and walk the seven miles to Dolgelley. I hinted that he would find the old inn unchanged, the oat-cake still served, and the crw as good as ever. I also told him that he would enjoy the valley of the Wnion and the view of Cader Idris as much as any one could have done in the last generation; but the misguided youth preferred the cushions and remained.

Drwsynant puts me in mind of a funny story about a former Sir Watkin Wynn, said to have been true in the old coaching days. A tourist of an inquiring turn of mind joined the coach at that place on its way to Bala. Inside he found a stout gentleman enjoying a nap. When he woke, the tourist asked whose was the farm they were passing. 'Mine,' was the reply, and the gentleman again slept. Another wakeful moment, and another question: 'Who may that mountain belong to?' 'To me,' followed by another doze. Again came a wakeful moment, and the question, 'Do you know who is the owner of that valley?' with the answer, 'I am not sure, but I think most of it's mine.' No more questions were asked, but when the coach reached Bala the

tourist bolted into the house, saying — 'I have been riding with either a prince, a madman, or the devil.' 'You are right,' replied a native. 'You have been riding with the "Prince in Wales" and a devil-ish good landlord!'

I have not much more to say about Dolgelley, or rather I am not going to say much more. If the travelled visitor wishes to revive the sensation of a Swiss Pass, he can do so on the pathway winding up the side of Moel Cynwch; and at the summit the view towards Barmouth will remind him of the Rhine. If he wishes less arduous means of attaining pleasure, he can take a car to Tynygroes, a capital little hostelry, half a dozen miles from Dolgelley, where he can eat his dinner at the head of a delightful little valley, with Moel Orthrwm, 'The Hill of Sacrifice,' before him and the Mawddach bounding along below. And there are less attractive modes of enjoyment than this, let me remark, in propitious weather. After dinner he may take a lazy walk to Rhaiadr Du, 'The Black Cataract,' a rather considerable waterfall, with everything that Nature can add in the surroundings to make it beautiful. A farther effort—still within the compass of the lazy—will bring the tourist to Pistill-y-Cain, a really grand fall. If you want thoroughly to enjoy the luxury of doing nothing, an hour or two under the shade of the trees near these falls on a hot summer's day is, to my mind, the very perfection of it. Under the designation of 'Nothing,' of course I include a pipe, if you are of the male kind, or a crochet-needle, if feminine.

The Guide-books tell us that Dolgelley possesses 'some good public buildings,' and the county gaol is mentioned as a sample. Beautifully situated in one of the most charming spots in the neighbourhood, it is unquestionably the ugliest building in Merionethshire, which is saying much. 'You Dolgelley folks can worship your gaol, if you like,' said a joking visitor one day to a townsman, 'for you will not break the commandment.' 'How so?' asked the other. 'Because it is

not in the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth,' was the reply, with the addition, 'indeed it is a precious deal more unsightly than anything that is!' The church is described as 'substantial, with a fine tower.' Substantial it certainly is, but of the fineness of the tower the less said the better: some of the memorial windows in the nave are very fine indeed. There is only one building in Dolgelley that visitors will care to look at, and that is Owain Glyndwr's old Parliament House. There it is with its carved timbers almost as sound as they were five hundred years ago.

No visitor should leave Dolgelley without taking a peep at the primitive method the local manufacturers have of making flannels and tweeds. The mills are situated in some of the most romantic spots in the valley, and form favourite subjects for artists. Inside they are as novel as outside they are picturesque. The labour is performed entirely by hand, and wonderfully durable is the fabric produced. The price at which the tweeds are sold is something ridiculous. I bought stuff for a complete suit of what was termed the 'Wynnstay fishing-cloth,' for sixteen shillings! and the cloth has this merit to the economical—when it begins to look shabby you may turn your coat and—as is often the case after this process—your outward appearance will be improved! One of the manufacturers (of course a Jones!) showed me amongst his list of patrons the names of Alfred Tennyson, Francis Newman, Mark Lemon, and other notabilities, and it seems more than probable, now that steam is applied to locomotion in the county, it will soon follow in the manufacture of flannels.

I have said that there is not much in Dolgelley to attract. There is one novelty attaching to the place that I must not conclude without mentioning. One day I asked my landlord what was the population of the place? 'Five thousand,' he replied, 'including jackdaws!' This is quite true: there are so many

one would think every man woman, and child in the town must have its 'familiar.' The inhabitants are obliged to have their chimneys swept periodically, whether they have had fires in their grates or not, to clear out the nests. The inhabitants profess to detect two distinct breeds in the daws—'Churchmen and Dissenters'—which they say never mix, and which never agree. I should qualify this by saying that they do agree in one thing, which is to make a precious row in the early summer's morning just when tired tourists want to sleep. It's of no use to swear. The Cardinal of Rheims would be powerless to make the Dolgelley daws moult a feather!

And now to leave this beautiful valley and these glorious hills. It is hard to do so, but holidays must be short-lived luxuries, if they are to be luxuries at all. My object has been to induce the public to explore one of the most lovely spots in Wales; not to gallop through the Principality as if all enjoyment depended on seeing everything mentioned in the Guide-books. This spot I now leave, and—

'Round the purpled shoulder, like a pageant,

One by one the mountain summits die:

Even as earth's narrow outlines near us

Hide the infinite glories from the eye.

'Homeward once again. Ah! vanish'd mountains—

Like old friends, your faces many a day

O'er the bowery woods shall rise before me,

And the level corn-lands far away.

'By the dreamy rippling in the sunlight,

By the windy surgings of the shore,

Up the thymy sheep-tracks through the heather,

I must wander, glad of heart, no more.

'Yet I bear with me a new possession;

For the memory of all beautiful things,

Over dusty tracks of straiten'd duties,

Many a waft of balmy fragrance brings.

'Was it thriftless waste of golden moments

That I watched the seaward-burning west,

That I sought the sweet rare mountain-flowers,

That I climbed the rugged mountain-crest?

* * * * *

'Let me rather deem that I have gather'd,

On the lustrous shore and gleamy hill,

Strength to bravely do the daily duty,

Strength to calmly bear the chancing ill.'

And with these exquisite lines, by the Rev. W. W. How, I take my leave of the reader. A. R.

FLO AND FIDO.

(ILLUSTRATED.)

FLO is devoted to sketching,
 She's painting the slow-setting sun,
 But Fido, he fain would be stretching
 His legs in a walk or a run.
 Flo finds it ample enjoyment
 The beauties of Nature to trace,
 While Fido—oh, pleasant employment—
 Must gaze in his mistress's face,
 With a whine now and then,
 As if asking her when
 She will lay by her sketch-book and come for a race.

Of all save her picture forgetful
 Flo finds the time rapidly go,
 While Fido—rude dog—has grown fretful,
 And weary of looking at Flo.
 He is longing like mad for a scamper,
 And wishing the picture were done;
 The waiting cools down, like a damper,
 His natural spirits and fun.

So he makes this remark,
 In the form of a bark,
 'Pray leave off that drawing and let's have a run'

Oh, Fido! would I were your proxy,
 I'd sit there and worship all day!
 I'd dream of no heterodoxy
 Like wishing to scamper away.
 You—fortunate dog—are permitted
 To contemplate Flora the fair;
 You may stare, but you'll never be twitted
 With hints that it's vulgar to stare.

You ill-mannered cur,
 While you're sitting near her,
 What taste to be wishing that you were elsewhere!

Why Fred, Tom, Augustus, and Harry
 (The ground that she treads on they love)
 Would be proud, sir, to fetch or to carry,
 As you do, her kerchief or glove—
 Would feel themselves amply rewarded
 By one of the smiles she gives you,
 They'd jump at the least chance afforded
 To lie at her feet as you do!

Oh, Fido, fie, fie!
 You're more happy than I,
 If you only your exquisite happiness knew.

Come, leave off that fretting and whining—
 What numbers of fellows I know
 Would, their liberty gladly resigning,
 Like you, become servants of Flo!
 For to gaze on sweet Flora, unchidden,
 As long as her sketching endures,
 Is a bliss which to man is forbidden—
 Which your blest position insures.

Ay, with Flo for my wife
 I could lead 'a dog's life'—
 Provided, of course, 'a dog's life' is like yours!



THE END OF THE

THE END OF THE

I shall be content to stand here,
 While planting the new setting sun.
 The best is a walk or a run.
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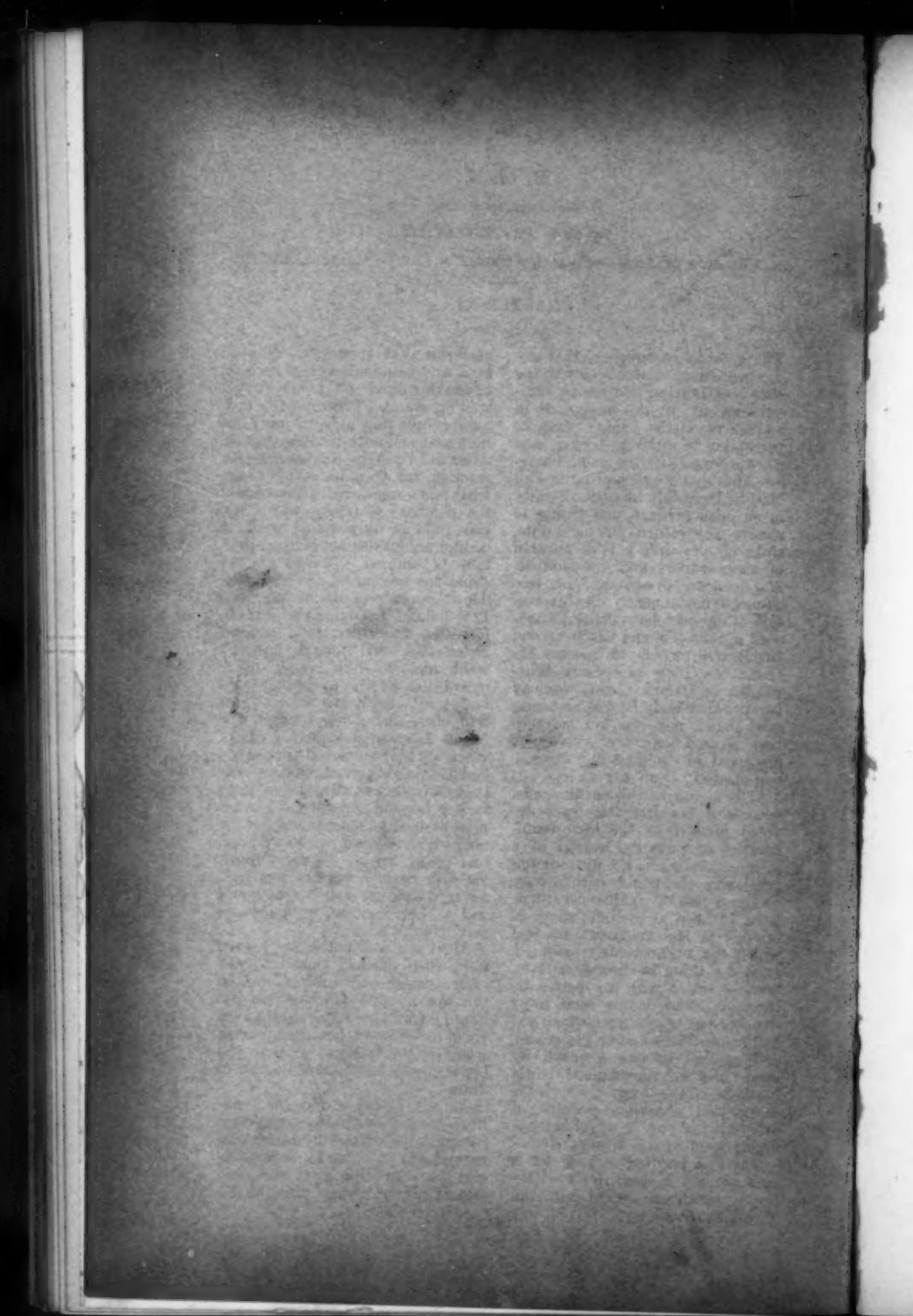
The best is a walk or a run.



Drawn by Horace S. Arnold.

FLO AND FIDO.

[See the Verax.



M. OR N.

'*Stimilis stimilibus curantur.*'

By G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF 'DIGEY GRAND,' 'CERISE,' 'THE GLADIATORS,' ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN INCUBUS.

IT is not to be supposed that any gentleman can see a lady in the streets of London and remain himself unseen. In the human, as in meaner races, the female organ of perception is quicker, keener, and more accurate than the male. Therefore it is that a man bowing in Pall Mall or Piccadilly to some divinity in an open carriage, and failing to receive any return for his salute, sinks at once into a false position of awkwardness and discomfiture. *Il a manqué son coup*, and his face assumes incontinently the expression of one who has missed a woodcock in the open, and has no second barrel with which to redeem his shot. As Dick saw Lady Bearwarden in Oxford Street, we may be sure that Lady Bearwarden also saw Dick; nor was her ladyship best pleased with the activity he displayed in avoiding her carriage and escaping from her society. If Mr. Stanmore had been the most successful Lovelace who ever devoted himself to the least remunerative of pursuits, instead of a loyal, kindhearted, unassuming gentleman, he could hardly have chosen a line of conduct so calculated to keep alive some spark of interest in Maud's breast, as that which he unconsciously adopted. It is one thing to dismiss a lover, because suited with a superior article (as some ladies send away five-foot-ten of footman when six-foot comes to look after the place), and another to lose a vassal for good, like an unreclaimed hawk, heedless of the lure, clear of the jesses, and checking, perhaps, at every kind of prey in wilful, wanton flight, down-wind towards the sea.

There is but one chance for a man worsted in these duels *à l'outrance*, which are fought out with

such merciless animosity. It is to bind up his wounds as best he may, and take himself off to die or get well in secret. Presently the conqueror finds that a battle only has been won, and not a territory gained. After the flush of combat comes a reaction, the triumph seems somewhat tame, ungraced by presence of the captive. Curiosity wakes up, pity puts in its pleading word, a certain jealous instinct of appropriation is aroused. Where is he? What has become of him? I wonder if he ever thinks of me now? Poor fellow! I shouldn't wish to be forgotten altogether, as if we had never met, and though I didn't want him to like me, I never meant that he was to care for anybody else! Such are the thoughts that chase each other through the female heart when deprived of sovereignty in the remotest particular; and it was very much in this way that Lady Bearwarden, sitting alone in her boudoir, speculated on the present doings and sentiments of the man who had loved her so well and had given her up so unwillingly, yet with never a word of reproach, never a look nor action that could add to her remorse, or make her task more painful.

Alas! she was not happy; even now, when she had gained all she most wished and schemed for in the world. She felt she was not happy, and she felt, too, that for Dick to know of her unhappiness would be the bitterest drop in the bitter cup he had been compelled to drain.

As she looked round her beautiful boudoir with its blue satin hangings, its numerous mirrors, its redundancy of coronets, surmounting her own cipher, twisted and twined into a far more graceful dec-

coration than the grim, heraldic Bruin which formed her husband's cognizance, she said to herself that something was yet required to constitute a woman's happiness beyond the utmost efforts of the upholster's art—that even carriages, horses, tall footmen, quantities of flowers, unlimited credit, and whole packs of cards left on the hall table every day, were mere accessories and superfluities, not the real pith and substance of that for which she pined.

Lady Bearwarden, more than most women, had, since her marriage, found the worldly ball at her foot. She needed but to kick it where she would. As Miss Bruce, with nothing to depend on but her own good looks and conquering manners, she had wrested a large share of admiration from an unwilling public; now as a peeress, and a rich one, the same public of both sexes courted, toadied, and flattered her, till she grew tired of hearing herself praised. The men, at least those of high position and great prospects, had no scruple in offering a married woman that homage which might have entailed their own domestic subjugation, if laid at a spinster's feet; and the women, all except the very smartest ladies (who liked her for her utter fearlessness and sang-froid, as well as for her own sake), thought it a fine thing to be on intimate terms with 'Maud Bearwarden,' as they loved to call her, and being much afraid of her, made up to her with the sweet facility and sincerity of their sex.

Yet in defiance of ciphers, coronets, visiting cards, blue hangings, the homage of lords, and the vassalage of ladies, there was something amiss. She caught herself continually looking back to the old days at Ecclesfield Manor, to the soft lawns and shady avenues, the fond father, who thought his darling the perfection of humanity, and whose face lit up so joyfully whenever she came into the room; the sweet delicate mother from whom she could never remember an unkind look nor an angry word; the hills, the river, the cottagers,

the tenants, the flower garden, the ponies, and the old retriever that died licking her hand. She felt kindly towards Mrs. Stanmore, and wondered whether she had behaved quite as well to that lady as she ought, recalling many a little act of triumphant malice and overt resistance which afforded keen gratification to the rebel at the time. By an easy transition, she glided on to Dick Stanmore's honest and respectful admiration, his courtesy, his kindness, his unfailing forbearance and good-humour. Bearwarden was not always good-humoured—she had found that out already. But as for Dick, she remembered how no mishap nor annoyance of his own ever irritated him in the slightest degree; how his first consideration always seemed to be *her* comfort and *her* happiness; how even in his deep sorrow, deceived, humiliated, cut to the heart, he had never so much as spoken one bitter word. How nobly had he trusted her about those diamonds! How well he had behaved to her throughout, and how fondly would he have loved and cherished her had she confided her future to his care! He must be strangely altered now, to avoid her like this. She was sure he recognised her, for she saw his face fall, saw him wince—that at least was a comfort—but never to shake hands, never even to stop and speak! Well, she had treated him cruelly, and perhaps he was right.

But this was not the actual grievance, after all. She felt she would do precisely the same over again. It was less repentance that pained her, than retribution. Maud, for the first time in her life, was beginning to feel really in love, and with her own husband. Such an infatuation, rare as it is admirable, ought to have been satisfactory and prosperous enough. When ladies do so far condescend, it is usually a gratifying domestic arrangement for themselves and their lords; but in the present instance the wife's increasing affection afforded neither happiness to herself nor comfort to her husband. There was a 'Something' always between them, a

shadow, not of suspicion nor mistrust, for Bearwarden was frank and loyal by nature, but of coldness. She had a secret from him, and she was a bad dissembler; his finer instincts told him that he did not possess her full confidence, and he was too proud to ask it. So they lived together, a few short weeks after marriage, on outward terms of courtesy and cordiality, but with this little rift of dissatisfaction gradually yet surely widening into a fissure that should rend each of these proud unbending hearts in twain.

'What would I give to be like other wives,' thought Maud, looking at a half-length of her husband in uniform, which occupied the place of honour in her boudoir. 'What is it? Why is it? I would love him so, if he would let me. How I wish I could be good—*really* good, like mamma was. I suppose it's impossible now. I wonder if it's too late to try.' And with the laudable intention of beginning amendment at once, Lady Bearwarden rang sharply to tell her servants she was 'not at home to anybody till Lord Bearwarden came in, except'—and here she turned away from her own footman, that he might not see the colour rising in her face—'except a man should call with some silks and brocades, in which case he was to be shown up stairs at once.'

The door had scarcely closed ere the paper-cutter in Maud's fingers broke short off at the handle. Her grasp tightened on it insensibly, while she ground and gnashed her small white teeth, to think that she, with her proud nature, in her high position, should not be free to admit or deny what visitors she pleased. So dandies of various patterns, afoot, in tea-carts, and on hacks more or less deserving in shape and action, discharged themselves of their visiting-cards at Lady Bearwarden's door, and passed on in peace to fulfil the same rite elsewhere.

Two only betrayed an unseemly emotion when informed 'her ladyship was not at home': the one, a cheerful youth, bound for a water-

party at Skindle's, and fearful of missing his train, thanked Providence audibly for what he called 'an unexpected let off'; the other, an older, graver, and far handsomer man, suffered an expression of palpable discomfiture to overspread his comely face, and, regardless of observation, walked away from the door with the heavy step that denotes a heavy heart. Not that he had fallen in love with Lady Bearwarden—far from it. But there *was* a Somebody—that Somebody an adverse fate had decreed he must meet neither to-day nor to-morrow, and the interval seemed to both of them wearisome, and even painful. But Maud was 'Somebody's' dear friend. Maud either had seen her or would see her that very afternoon. Maud would let him talk about her, praise her, perhaps would even give her a message—nay, it was just possible she might arrive to pay a morning visit while he was there. No wonder he looked so sad to forego this series of chances; and all the while, if he had only known it, Fate, having veered round at luncheon-time, would have permitted him to call at Somebody's house, to find her at home, enchanted to see him, and to sit with her as long as he liked in the well-known room, with its flowers and sun-shades and globes of goldfish, and the picture over the chimney-piece, and its dear original by his side. But it is a game at cross-purposes all through this dangerous pastime; and perhaps its very *contretemps* are what make it so interesting to the players, so amusing to the lookers-on.

Lady Bearwarden grew fidgetty after a while. It is needless to say that 'the man with some silks and brocades' to be admitted by her servants was none other than 'Gentleman Jim,' who, finding the disguise of a 'travelling merchant' that in which he excited least suspicion in his interviews with her ladyship, had resolved to risk detection yet once more, and had given her notice of his intention.

We all remember Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea, and the grip of that merciless rider tightening closer

and closer the longer he was carried by his disgraced victim. There is more truth in the fable than most of us would like to allow. If you once permit yourself to set up an 'Old Man of the Sea,' farewell to free agency, happiness, even tolerable comfort, from that time forth! Sometimes your burden takes the shape of a renewed bill, sometimes of a fatal secret, sometimes of an unwise attachment, sometimes only of a bad habit; but whatever it be, the further you carry it the heavier it seems to grow; and in this case custom does not in the least degree reconcile you to the infliction. Up with your heels, and kick it off at any price! Even should you rick your back in the process, it is better to be crippled for life than eternally oppressed by a ruthless rider and an intolerable weight.

Gentleman Jim was becoming Lady Bearwarden's Old Man of the Sea. More than once of late he had forced himself on her presence when it was exceedingly inconvenient, and even dangerous to meet him. The promised interview of to-day had been extorted from her most unwillingly, and by threats, implied if not expressed. She began to feel that she was no longer her own mistress—that she had lost her independence, and was virtually at the command of an inferior. To a proud nature like hers such a situation seemed simply intolerable.

Lord Bearwarden seldom came in much before it was time to dress for dinner; but young men's habits are not usually very regular, the monotonous custom of doing everything by clockwork being a tedious concomitant of old age. Maud could not calculate on his absence at any particular hour of the day unless he were on duty, and the bare notion that she should *wish* thus to calculate fretted and chafed her beyond measure. It was a relief to hear the door-bell once more and prepare to confront the worst. A London servant never betrays astonishment, nor indeed any emotion whatever beyond a shade of dignified and forbearing contempt. The first footman showed Lady Bearwarden's

suspicious-looking visitor into her boudoir with sublime indifference, returning thereafter leisurely and loftily to his tea. Maud felt her courage departing, and her defeat, like that of brave troops seized by panic, seemed all the more imminent for habitual steadiness and valour. She took refuge in an attempt to bully. 'Why are you here?' said Maud, standing bolt upright, while Gentleman Jim, with an awkward bow, began as usual to unroll his goods. 'I have told you often enough this persecution must finish. I am determined not to endure it any longer. The next time you call I shall order my servants to drive you from the door. Oh! will you—will you not come to terms?'

His face had been growing darker and darker while she spoke, and she watched its expression as the Mediterranean fisherman watches a white squall gliding with fatal swiftness over the waters, to bring ruin and shipwreck and despair. It sometimes happens that the fisherman loses his head precisely at the wrong moment, so that foiled, helpless, and taken aback, he comes to fatal and irremediable grief. Thus Lady Bearwarden too found the nerve on which she prided herself failing when she most wanted it, and knew that the prestige and influence which formed her only safeguards were slipping from her grasp.

She had cowed this ruffian at their first meeting by an assumption of calm courage and superiority in a crisis when most women, thus confronted at dead of night by a house-breaker, would have shrunk trembling and helpless before him. She had retained her superiority during their subsequent association by an utter indifference as to results, so long as they only affected character and fortune, which to his lower nature seemed simply incomprehensible; but now that her heart was touched she could no longer remain thus reckless, thus defiant. With womanly feelings came womanly misgivings and fear of consequences. The charm was lost, the spell broken, and the familiar

spirits had grown to an exacting master from an obedient slave.

'That's not the way as them speaks who's had the pith and marrow out of a chap's werry bones,' growled Jim. 'There wasn't no talkin' of figure-footmen and drivin' of respectable tradesmen from folks' doors when a man was wanted, like this here. A man, I says, wot wasn't afeard to swing, if so be as he could act honourable and fulfil his bargain.'

'I'll pay anything. Hush! pray. Don't speak so loud. What *must* my servants think? Consider the frightful risks I run. Why should you wish to make me utterly miserable—to drive me out of my senses? I'll pay anything—anything to be free from this intolerable persecution.'

'Pay—pay anythink!' repeated Jim, slightly mollified by her distress, but still in a tone of deep disgust. 'Pay. Ah! that's always the word with the likes of you. You think your blessed money can buy us poor chaps up, body and heart and soul. Blast your money! says I. There, that's not over civil, my lady, but it's plain speaking.'

'What would you have me do?' she asked, in a low, plaintive voice.

She had sunk into an arm-chair, and was wringing her hands. How lovely she looked, now at her sore distress. It imparted the one feminine charm generally wanting in her beauty.

Gentleman Jim, standing over against her, could not but feel the old mysterious influence pervading him once more. 'If you was to say to me, Jim, says you, I believe as you're a true chap—I believe as you'd serve of me, body and bones. Well, not for money. Money be d—d! But for goodwill, we'll say. I believe as you thinks there's nobody on this 'arth as is to be compared of me, says you, and see, now, you shall come here once a week, once a fortnit, once a month, even; and I'll never say no more about drivin' of you away; but you shall see me, and I'll speak of you kind and h'afable; and whatever I wants done

I'll tell you, do it; and it *will* be done; see if it won't! Why—why I'd be proud, my lady—there—and happy too. Ay, there wouldn't walk a happier man, nor a prouder, maybe, in the streets of London!'

It was a long speech for Jim. At its conclusion he drew his sleeve across his face and bent down to rearrange the contents of his bundle.

Tears were falling from her eyes at last. Noiselessly enough, and without that redness of nose, those contortions of face, which render them so unbecoming to most women.

'Is there no way but this?' she murmured. 'No way but this? It's impossible. It's absurd. It's infamous! Do you know who I am? Do you know what you ask? How dare you dictate terms to me? How dare you presume to say I shall do this, I shall not do that? Leave my house this minute! I will not listen to another syllable!'

She was blazing out again, and the fire of pride had dried her tears ere she concluded. Anger brought back her natural courage, but it was too late.

Gentleman Jim's face, distorted with fury, looked hideous. Under his waistcoat lurked a long, thin knife. Maud never knew how near, for one ghastly moment, that knife was to being buried in her round white throat.

He was not quite madman enough, however, to indulge his passions so far, with the certainty of immediate destruction. 'Have a care!' he hissed through his clenched teeth. 'If you and me is to be enemies, look out! You know me—leastways you ought to. And you know I stick at nothing.'

She was still dreadfully frightened. Once more she went back to the old plea, and offered him, fifty pounds, a hundred pounds. Anything!

He was tying the knots of his bundle. Completing the last, he looked up, and the glare in his eyes haunted her through many a sleepless night.

'You've done it now!' was all he muttered. 'When next you see me you'll wish you hadn't.'

It speaks well for Jim's self-com-

mand that, as he went down, he could say, 'Your servant, my lord,' with perfect composure, to a gentleman whom he met on the stairs.

CHAPTER XX.

'THE LITTLE CLOUD.'

Lord Bearwarden, like other noblemen and gentlemen keeping house in London, was not invariably fortunate in the selection of his servants. The division of labour, that admirable system by which such great results are attained, had been brought to perfection in his as in many other establishments. A man who cleaned knives, it appeared, could not possibly do anything else, and for several days the domestic arrangements below stairs had been disturbed by a knotty question as to whose business it was to answer 'my lord's bell.' Now my lord was what his servants called rather 'a arbitrary gentleman,' seeming, indeed, to entertain the preposterous notion that these were paid their wages in consideration of doing as they were bid. It was not therefore surprising that figure-footmen, high of stature and faultless in general appearance, should have succeeded each other with startling rapidity, throwing up their appointments and doffing his lordship's livery, without regard to their own welfare or their employer's convenience, but in accordance with some Quixotic notions of respect for their office and loyalty to their order.

Thus it came about that a subordinate in rank, holding the appointment of second footman, had been so lately enlisted as not yet to have made himself acquainted with the personal appearance of his master; and it speaks well for the amiable disposition of this recruit that although his liveries were not made, he should, during the temporary absence of a fellow-servant, who was curling his whiskers below, have consented to answer the door.

Lord Bearwarden had rung like any other arrival; but it must be allowed that his composure was somewhat ruffled when refused admittance by his own servant to his own house.

'Her ladyship's not at home, I tell ye,' said the man, apparently resenting the freedom with which this stranger proceeded into the hall, while he placed his own massive person in the way; 'and if you want to see my lord, you just can't—that I know!'

'Why?' asked his master, beginning to suspect how the land lay, and considerably amused.

'Because his lordship's particularly engaged. He's having his 'air cut just now, and the dentist's waiting to see him after he's done,' returned this imaginative retainer, arguing indeed from his pertinacity that the visitor must be one of the swell mob, therefore to be kept out at any cost.

'And who are you?' said his lordship, now laughing outright.

'Who am I?' repeated the man. 'I'm his lordship's footman. Now, then, who are you? That's more like it!'

'I'm Lord Bearwarden himself,' replied his master.

'Lord Bearwarden! Oh! I dare say,' was the unexpected rejoinder. 'Well, that is a good one. Come, young man, none of these games here: there's a policeman round the corner.'

At this juncture the fortunate arrival of the gentleman with lately-curled whiskers, in search of his 'Bell's Life,' left on the hall-table, produced an *éclaircissement* much to the unbeliever's confusion, and the master of the house was permitted to ascend his own staircase without further obstruction.

Meeting 'Gentleman Jim' coming down with a bundle, it did not strike him as the least extraordinary that his wife should have denied herself to other visitors. Slight as was his experience of women and their ways, he had yet learned to respect those various rites that constitute the mystery of shopping, appreciating the composure and undisturbed attention indispensable to a satisfactory performance of that ceremony.

But it *did* trouble him to observe on Lady Bearwarden's face traces of recent emotion, even, he thought, to tears. She turned quickly aside when he came into the room, busy-

ing herself with the blinds and muslin window-curtains; but he had a quick eye, and his perceptions were sharpened besides by an affection he was too proud to admit, while racked with cruel misgivings that it might not be returned.

'Gentleman-like man *that*, I met just now on the stairs!' he began good-humouredly enough, though in a certain cold, conventional tone, that Maud knew too well, and hated accordingly. 'Dancing partner, swell mob, smuggler, respectable tradesman, what is he? Ought to sell cheap, I should say. Looks as if he stole the things ready made. Hope you've done good business with him, my lady? May I see the plunder?' He never called her Maud; it was always 'my lady,' as if they had been married for twenty years. How she longed for an endearing word, slipping out, as it were, by accident—for a covert smile, an occasional caress. Perhaps had these been lavished more freely she might have rated them at a lower value.

Lady Bearwarden was not one of those women who can tell a lie without the slightest hesitation, calmly satisfied that 'the end justifies the means;' neither did it form a part of her creed that a lie by implication is less dishonourable than a lie direct. On the contrary, her nature was exceedingly frank, even defiant, and from pride, perhaps, rather than principle, she scorned no baseness so heartily as duplicity. Therefore she hesitated now and changed colour, looking guilty and confused, but taking refuge, as usual, in self-assertion.

'I had business with the man,' she answered, haughtily, 'or you would not have found him here. I might have got rid of him sooner, perhaps, if I had known you were to be home so early. I'm sure I hate shopping, I hate tradespeople, I hate——'

She was going to say 'I hate everything,' but stopped herself in time. Counting her married life as yet only by weeks, it would have sounded too ungracious, too ungrateful!

'Why should you do anything

you hate?' said her husband, very kindly, and to all appearance dismissing every suspicion from his mind, though deep in his heart rankled the cruel conviction that between them this strange, mysterious barrier increased day by day. 'I want you to have as little of the rough and as much of the smooth in life as is possible. All the ups and none of the downs, my lady. If this fellow bores you, tell them not to let him in again. That second footman will keep him out like a dragon, I'll be bound.' Then he proceeded laughingly to relate his own adventure with his new servant in the hall.

He seemed cordial, kind, good-humoured enough, but his tone was that of man to man, brother officer to comrade, not of a lover to his mistress, a husband to his lately-married wife.

She felt this keenly, though at the same time she could appreciate his tact, forbearance, and generosity in asking no more questions about her visitor. To have shown suspicion of Maud would have been at once to drive her to extremities, while implicit confidence put her on honour and rendered her both unable and unwilling to deceive. Never since their first acquaintance had she found occasion to test this quality of trust in her husband, and now it seemed that he possessed it largely, like a number of other manly characteristics. That he was brave, loyal, and generous she had discovered already; handsome and of high position she knew long ago, or she would never have resolved on his capture; and what was there wanting to complete her perfect happiness? Only one thing, she answered herself; but for it she would so willingly have bartered all the rest—that he should love her as Dick Stanmore did. Poor Dick Stanmore! how badly she had treated him, and perhaps this was to be her punishment.

'Bearwarden,' she said, crossing the room to lean on the arm of his chair, 'we've got to dine at your aunt's to-night. I suppose they will be very late. I wish there were no such things as dinners, don't you?'

'Not when I've missed luncheon, as I did to-day,' answered his lordship, whose appetite was like that of any other healthy man under forty.

'I hoped you wouldn't,' she observed, in rather a low voice; 'it was very dull without you. We see each other so seldom, somehow, I should like to go to the play to-morrow—you and I, Darby and Joan—I don't care which house, nor what the play is.'

'To-morrow,' he answered, with a bright smile. 'All right, my lady, I'll send for a box. I forgot, though, I can't go to-morrow, I'm on Guard.'

Her face fell, but she turned away that he might not detect her disappointment, and began to feed her bullfinch in the window.

'You're always on Guard, I think,' said she, after a pause. 'I wonder you like it: surely it must be a dreadful tie. You lost your grouse-shooting this year and the Derby, didn't you? all to sit in plate armour and jack-boots at that gloomiest and stuffiest of Horse Guards. Bearwarden, I—I wish you'd give up the regiment, I do indeed.'

When Maud's countenance wore a pleading expression, as now, it was more than beautiful, it was lovely. Looking in her face it seemed to him that it was as the face of an angel.

'Do you honestly wish it?' he replied, gently. 'I would do a great deal to please you, my lady; but—no—I couldn't do that.'

'He can't really care for me; I knew it all along,' thought poor Maud, but she only looked up at him rather wistfully and held her peace.

He was gazing miles away, through the window, through the opposite houses, their offices, their washing-ground, and the mews at the back. She had never seen him look so grave; she had never seen that soft, sad look on his face before. She wondered now that she could ever have regarded that face as a mere encumbrance and accessory to be taken with a coronet and twenty thousand a year.

'Would you like to know why I cannot make this sacrifice to please

you?' he asked, in a low, serious voice. 'I think you *ought* to know, my lady, and I will tell you. I'm fond of soldiering, of course. I've been brought up to the trade—that's nothing. So I am of hunting, shooting, rackets, cricketer, London porter, and dry champagne; but I'd give them up, each and all, at a moment's notice, if it made you any happier for ten minutes. I *am* a little ambitious, I grant, and the only fame I would care much for is a soldier's. Still, even if my chance of military distinction were ten times as good I shouldn't grudge losing it for your sake. No: what makes me stick to the regiment is what makes a fellow take a life-buoy on board ship—the instinct of self-preservation. When everything else goes down he's got that to cling to, and can have a fight for his life. Once, my lady, long before I had ever seen you, it was my bad luck to be very unhappy. I didn't howl about it at the time, I'm not going to howl about it now. Simply, all at once, in a day, an hour, everything in the world turned from a joy to a misery and a pain. If my mother hadn't taught me better, I should have taken the quickest remedy of all. If I hadn't had the regiment to fall back upon I must have gone mad. The kindness of my brother officers I never can forget; and to go down the ranks scanning the bold, honest faces of the men, feeling that we had cast our lot in together, and when the time came would all play the same stake, win or lose, reminded me that there were others to live for besides myself, and that I had not lost everything, while yet a share remained invested in our joint venture. When I lay awake in my barrack-room at night I could hear the stamp and snort of the old black troopers, and it did me good. I don't know the reason, but it did me good. You will think I was very unhappy—so I was.'

'But why?' asked Maud, shrewdly guessing, and at the same time dreading the answer.

'Because I was a fool, my lady,' replied her husband—'a fool of the very highest calibre. You have, no

doubt, discovered that in this world folly is punished far more severely than villany. Deceive others, and you prosper well enough; allow yourself to be deceived, and you're pitched into as if you were the greatest rogue unhung. It's not a subject for you and me to talk about, my lady. I only mentioned it to show you why I am so unwilling to leave the army. Why, I *dare* not do it, even to please you.'

'But'—she hesitated, and her voice came very soft and low—'you, —you are not afraid—I mean you don't think it likely, do you, that you will ever be so unhappy again? It was about—about somebody that you cared for, I suppose.'

She got it out with difficulty, and already hated that unknown Somebody with an unreasoning hatred, such as women think justifiable and even meritorious in like cases.

He laughed a harsh, forced laugh. 'What a fool you must think me,' said he; 'I ought never to have told you. Yes, it was about a woman, of course. You did not fancy I could be so soft, did you? Don't let us talk about it. I'll tell you in three words, and then will never mention the subject again. I trusted and believed in her. She deceived me, and that sort of thing puts a fellow all wrong, you know, unless he's very good-tempered, and I suppose I'm not. It's never likely to happen again, but still, blows of all sorts fall upon people when they least expect them, and that's why I can't give up the old corps, but shall stick by it to the last.'

'Are you sure you haven't forgiven her?' asked Maud, inwardly trembling for an answer.

'Forgiven her!' repeated his lordship; 'well, I've forgiven her like a Christian, as they say—perhaps even more fully than that. I don't wish her any evil. I wouldn't do her a bad turn, but as for ever thinking of her or caring for her afterwards, that was impossible. No. While I confided in her freely and fully, while I gave up for her sake everything I prized and cared for in the world, while I was even on the verge of sending in my papers because it seemed to be her

wish I should leave the regiment, she had her own secret hidden up from me all the time. That showed what she was. No: I don't think I could ever forgive *that*—except as a *Christian*, you know, my lady!

He ended in a light sarcastic tone, for like most men who have lived much in the world, he had acquired a habit of discussing the gravest and most painful subjects with conventional coolness, originating perhaps in our national dislike of anything sentimental or dramatic in situation. He could have written probably eloquently and seriously enough, but to 'speak like a book' would have lowered him, in his own esteem, as being unmanly no less than ungentlemanlike.

Maud's heart ached very painfully. A secret then, kept from him by the woman he trusted, was the one thing he could not pardon. Must this indeed be her punishment? Day by day to live with this honourable generous nature, learning to love it so dearly, and yet so hopelessly, because of the great gulf fixed by her own desperate venture, risked, after all, that she might win *him*! For a moment, under the influence of that great tide of love which swelled up in her breast, she felt as if she must put her whole life's happiness on one desperate throw, and abide the result. Make a clean breast, implore his forgiveness, and tell him all.

She had been wandering about while he spoke, straightening a table-cover here, snipping a dead leaf off a geranium there, and otherwise fidgetting to conceal her emotion. Now she walked across the room to her husband's side, and in another minute perhaps the whole truth would have been out, and these two might have driven off to dinner in their brougham, the happiest couple in London; but the door was thrown wide open, and the student of 'Bell's Life,' on whose whiskers the time employed in curling them had obviously not been thrown away, announced to her ladyship, with much pomp, that her carriage was at the door.

'Good gracious!' exclaimed Maud,

'and your aunt is always so punctual. You must dress in ten minutes, Bearwarden. I'm certain I can. Run down this moment, and don't stop to answer a single letter if it's a case of life and death.'

And Lady Bearwarden, casting all other thoughts to the winds in the present emergency, hurried up stairs after the pretty little feet of her French maid, whose anxiety that her lady should not be late, and perhaps a certain curiosity to know the cause of delay, had tempted her down at least as far as the first landing, while my lord walked to his dressing-room on the ground-floor, with the comfortable conviction that he might spend a good half-hour at his toilette, and would then be ready a considerable time before his wife.

The reflections that chased each other through the pretty head of the latter while subjected to Justine's skilful manipulations, I will not take upon me to detail. I may state, however, that the dress she chose to wear was trimmed with Bearwarden's favourite colour; that she carried a bunch of his favourite flowers on her breast and another in her hair.

A brougham drawn by a pair of long, low, high-stepping horses, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, is an untoward vehicle for serious conversation when taking its occupants out to dinner, although well adapted for tender confidence or mutual recrimination on its return from a party at night. Lady Bearwarden could not even make sure that her husband observed she had consulted his taste in dress. Truth to tell, Lord Bearwarden was only conscious that his wife looked exceedingly handsome, and that he wished they were going to dine at home. Marriage had made him very slow, and this inconvenient wish lasted him all through dinner, notwithstanding that it was his enviable lot to sit by a fast young lady of the period, who rallied him with exceeding good taste on his wife, his house, his furniture, manners, dress, horses, and everything that was his. Once, in extremity of boredom, he caught sight of

Maud's delicate profile five couples off, and fancied he could detect on the pale pure face, something of his own weariness and abstraction. After that the fast young lady 'went at him,' as she called it, in vain. Later, in the drawing-room, she told another damsel of her kind that 'Bruin's marriage had utterly spoilt him. Simply, ruination, my dear! So unlike men in general. What he could see in her I can't make out! She looks like death, and she's not *very* well dressed, in my opinion. I wonder if she bullies him. He used to be such fun. So fast, so cheery, so delightfully satirical, and as wicked as Sin!'

Maud went home in the brougham by herself. After a tedious dinner, lasting through a couple of hours, enlivened by the conversation of a man he can't understand, and the persecutions of a woman who bores him, it is natural for the male human subject to desire tobacco, and a walk home in order to smoke. Somehow, the male human subject never does walk straight home with its cigar. Bearwarden, like others of his class, went off to Pratt's, where, we will hope, he was amused, though he did not look it. A cigar on a close evening leads to soda water, with a slice of lemon, and, I had almost forgotten to add, a small modicum of gin. This entails another cigar, and it is wonderful how soon one o'clock in the morning comes round again. When Lord Bearwarden turned out of St. James's Street it was too late to think of anything but immediate bed. Her ladyship's confessions, if she had any to make, must be put off till breakfast-time, and alas! by her breakfast-time, which was none of the earliest, my lord was well down in his sheep-skin, riding out of the barrack-gate in command of his guard.

'Fronte capillatâ post est Occasus calav'

Bald-pated Father Time had succeeded in slipping his forelock out of Maud's hand the evening before, and, henceforth, behind his bare and mocking skull, those delicate, disappointed fingers must close on empty air in vain!





[Drawn by Wilfrid Lawson.]

TOO LATE!

[See 'AL. or N.]

CHAPTER XXI.

PENEUS QUID FEMINA.

We left Tom Ryfe, helpless, unconscious, more dead than alive, supported between a man and woman up a back street in Westminster; we must return to him after a considerable interval, pale, languid, but convalescent, on a sofa in his own room under his uncle's roof. He is only now beginning to understand that he has been dangerously ill; that according to his doctor nothing but a 'splendid constitution' and unprecedented medical skill have brought him back from the threshold of that grim portal known as death's door. This he does not quite believe, but is aware, nevertheless, that he is much enfeebled, and that his system has sustained what he himself calls 'a deuced awkward shake.' Even now he retains no very clear idea of what happened to him. He remembers vaguely, as in a dream, certain bare walls of a dim and gloomy chamber, tapestried with cobwebs, smelling of damp and mould like a vault, certain broken furniture, shabby and scarce, on a bare brick floor, with a grate in which no fire could have been kindled without falling into the middle of the room. He recalls that racking headache, that scorching thirst, and those pains in all the bones of a wan, wasted figure lying under a patchwork quilt on a squalid bed. A figure, independent of, and disengaged from himself, yet in some degree identified with his thoughts, his sufferings, and his memories. Somebody nursed the figure, too—he is sure of that—bringing it water, medicines, food, and leeches for its aching temples; smoothing its pillow and arranging its bed-clothes, in those endless nights, so much longer, yet scarce more dismal than the days,—somebody, whose voice he never heard, whose face he never saw, yet in whose slow, cautious tread there seemed a familiar sound. Once, in delirium, he insisted it was Miss Bruce, but even *through* that delirium he knew he must be raving, and it was impossible. Could that be a part of his dream, too, in which

he dragged himself out of bed, to dress in his own clothes, laid out on the chair that had hitherto carried a basin of gruel or a jug of cooling drink? No, it must have been reality surely, for even to-day he has so vivid a remembrance of the fresh air, the blinding sunshine, and the homely life-like look of that four-wheeled cab waiting in the narrow street, which he entered mechanically, which, as mechanically brought him home to his uncle's house, the man asking no questions, nor stopping to receive his fare. To be sure, he fainted from utter weakness at the door. Of that he is satisfied, for he remembers nothing between the jolting of those slippery cushions and another bed in which he found himself, with a grave doctor watching over him, and which he recognised, doubtfully, as his own.

Gradually, with returning strength, Tom began to suspect the truth, that he had been housed and robbed. His pockets, when he resumed his clothes, were empty. Their only contents, his cigar-case, and Miss Bruce's letter, were gone. The motive for so desperate an attack he felt unable to fathom. His intellect was still affected by bodily weakness, and he inclined at first to think he had been mistaken for somebody else. The real truth only dawned on him by degrees. Its first ray originated with no less brilliant a luminary than old Bargrave.

To do him justice, the uncle had shown far more natural affection than his household had hitherto believed him capable of feeling. During his nephew's absence, he had been like one distracted, and the large reward offered for discovery of the missing gentleman sufficiently testified his anxiety and alarm. When Tom did return, more dead than alive, Bargrave hurried off in person to procure the best medical advice, and postponing inquiry into his wrongs to the more immediate necessity of nursing the sufferer, spent six or seven hours out of the twenty-four at the sick man's bedside.

The first day Tom could sit up

his uncle thought well to enliven him with a little news, social, general, and professional. Having told him that he had 'outbid Mortlake for the last batch of poor Mr. Chalkstone's port, and stated, at some length, his reasons for doubting the stability of Government, he entered gleefully upon congenial topics, and proceeded to give the invalid a general sketch of business affairs during his retirement.

'I've worked the coach, Tom,' said he, walking up and down the room, waving his coat-tails, 'as well as it *could* be worked, single-handed. I don't think you'll find a screw loose anywhere. Ah, Tom! an old head, you know, is worth a many pair of hands. When you're well enough, in a week or so, my lad, I shall like to show you how I've kept everything going, though I was so anxious, terribly anxious, all the time. The only matter that's been left what you call *in statu quo* is that business of Miss Bruce's, which I had nothing to do with. It will last you a good while yet, Tom, though it's of less importance to her now, poor thing!—don't you move, Tom—I'll hand you the barley-water—because she's Miss Bruce no longer.'

Tom gasped, and hid his pale thin face in the jug of barley-water. He had some pluck about him, after all; for weak and ill as he was he managed to get out an indifferent question.

'Not Miss Bruce, isn't she? Ah! I hadn't heard. Who is she then, uncle? I suppose you mean she's—she's married.' He was so husky, no wonder he took another pull at the barley-water.

'Yes, she's married,' answered his uncle in the indifferent tone with which threescore years and odd can discuss that fatality. 'Made a good marriage, too—an excellent marriage. What do you think of a peerage, my boy? She's Viscountess Bearwarden now. Twenty thousand a year, if it's a penny. I am sure of it, for I was concerned in a lawsuit of the late lord's twenty years ago. I don't suppose you're acquainted with her husband, Tom. Not in our circle, you know; but a most respectable young man I

understand, and likely to be lord-lieutenant of his county before long. I'm sure I trust she'll be happy. And now, Tom, as you seem easy and comfortable, perhaps you'd like to go to sleep for a little. If you want anything you can reach the bell, and I'll come and see you again before I dress for dinner.'

Easy and comfortable! When the door shut behind his uncle Tom bowed his head upon the table and gave way completely. He was unmanned by illness, and the shock had been too much for him. It was succeeded, however, and that pretty quickly, by feelings of bitter wrath and resentment, which did more to restore his strength than all the tonics in the world. An explanation, too, seemed now afforded to much that had so mystified him of late. What if, rendered desperate by his threats, Miss Bruce had been in some indirect manner the origin of his captivity and illness—Miss Bruce, the woman who of all others owed him the largest debt of gratitude (like most people, Tom argued from his own side of the question); for whom he had laboured so unremittingly, and was willing to sacrifice so much.

Could it be so? And if it was, should he not be justified in going to any extremity for revenge? Revenge—yes, that was all he had to live for now; and the very thought seemed to put new vigour into his system, infuse fresh blood in his veins. So is it with all baser spirits; and perhaps in the indulgence of this cowardly craving they obtain a more speedy relief than nobler natures from the first agony of suffering; but their cure is not and never can be permanent; and to them must remain unknown that strange wild strain of some unearthly music which thrills through those sore hearts that can repay good for evil, kindly interest for cold indifference; that, true to themselves and their own honour, can continue to love a memory, though it be but the memory of a dream.

Tom felt as if he could make an exceedingly high bid, involving probity, character, good faith, and

the whole of his moral code, for an auxiliary who should help him in his vengeance. Assistance was at hand even now, in an unexpected moment and an unlooked-for shape.

'A person wishes to see you, sir, if you're well enough,' said a little housemaid who had volunteered to provide for the wants of the invalid, and took very good care of him indeed.

'What sort of a person?' asked Tom, languidly, feeling, nevertheless, that any distraction would be a relief.

'Well, sir,' replied the maid, 'it seems a respectable person, I should say. Like a sick-nurse, or what-not.'

There is no surmise so wild but that a rejected lover will grasp at and connect it with the origin of his disappointment. 'I'll see her,' said Tom, stoutly, not yet despairing but that it might be a messenger from Maud.

He certainly *was* surprised when Dorothea, whom he recognized at once, even in her Sunday clothes, entered the room, with a wandering eye and a vacillating step.

'You'll never forgive me, Master Tom,' was her startling salutation. 'It's me as nursed you through it; but you'll never forgive me—never! And I don't deserve as you should.'

Dorothea was nervous, hysterical, but she steadied herself bravely, though her fingers worked and trembled under her faded shawl.

Tom stared, and his visitor went on.

'You'd a-died for sure if I hadn't. Don't ye cast it up to me, Master Tom. I've been punished enough. Punished! If I was to bare my arm now I could show you wheals that's more colours and brighter than your neckkercher there. I've been served worse nor that, though, since. I ain't a-goin' to put up with it no longer. Master Tom, do you know as you've been put upon, and by who?'

His senses were keenly on the alert. 'Tell me the truth, my good girl,' said he, 'and I'll forgive you all your share. More, I'll stick by you through thick and thin.'

She whimpered a little, affected by

the kindness of his tone, but, tugging harder at her shawl, proceeded to further confessions.

'You was hocussed, Master Tom; and I can point out to you the man as did it. You'd 'a been murdered amongst 'em if it hadn't been for me. Who was it, d'ye think, as nussed of you, and cared for you, all through, and laid out your clothes ready brushed and folded, and went and got you a cab the day as you come back here? Master Tom, I've been put upon too. Put upon and deceived, as never yet was born woman used so bad; and it's my turn now! Look ye here, Master Tom. It's that villain, Jim—Gentleman Jim, as we calls him—what's been at the bottom of this here. And yet there's worse than Jim in it too. There's others that set Jim on. Oh! to believe as a fine handsome chap like him could turn out to be so black-hearted, and such a soft too. She'll never think no more of him, for all his comely face, than the dirt beneath her feet.'

'*She*?' repeated Tom, intensely interested, and therefore preternaturally calm. 'What d'ye mean by *she*? Don't fret, that's a good girl, and don't excite yourself. Tell your story your own way, you know, but keep as quiet as you can. You're safe enough here.'

'We'd been asked in church,' replied Dorothea, somewhat inconsequently. 'Ah! more than once, we had. And I'd ha' been as true to him, and was, as ever a needle to a stitch. Well, sir, when he slights of me, and leaves of me, why it's natural as I should run up and down the streets a-lookin' for him like wild. So one day, after I'd done my work, and put things straight, for I never was one of your sluttish ones, Master Tom—and your uncle, he's always been a kind gentleman to me, and a h'affable, like yourself, Master Tom—according, I comes upon my Jim at the Sunflower, and I follows him unbeknown for miles and miles right away to the West-end. So he never looks behind him, nor he never stops, o' course, till he comes to Belgrave Square; and he turns

down a street as I couldn't read its name, but should know it again as well as I know my own hand. And then, Master Tom, if you'll believe me, I thought as I must have dropped.'

'Well?' said Tom, not prepared to be satisfied with this climax, though his companion stopped, as if she had got to the end of her disclosures.

'Well indeed!' resumed Dorothea after a considerable interval, 'when he come that far, I know'd as he must be up to some of his games, and I watched. They lets him into a three-storied house, and I sees him in the best parlour with a lady, speaking up to her, but not half so bold as usual. He's not often dashed, Jim isn't. I will say that for him.'

'What sort of a lady?' asked Tom, quivering with excitement. 'You took a good look at her, I'll be bound!'

'Well, a real lady in a muslin dress,' answered Dorothea. 'A tall young lady—not much to boast of for looks, but with hair as black as your hat and a face as white as cream. Very 'aughty too an arbitrary, and seemed to have my Jim like quite at her command. So from where I stood I couldn't help hearing everything that passed. My Jim, he gives her the very letter as laid in your pocket that night, as you—as you was taken so poorly, you know. And from what she said and what he said, and putting this and that together, I'm sure as they got you out of the way between them, Master Tom, and gammoned me into the job too, when I'd rather have cut both my hands off, if I'd only known the truth.'

Tom sat back on his sofa, shutting his eyes that he might concentrate his powers of reflection. Yes, it was all clear enough at last. The nature and origin of the outrage to which he had been subjected were obvious, nor could he entertain any further doubt of Maud's motives, though marvelling exceedingly, as well he might, at her courage, her recklessness, and the social standing of her accomplice. It seemed to

him as if he could forgive every one concerned but her. This poor woman who had fairly thrown herself on his mercy: the ruffian whose grip had been at his throat, but who might hereafter prove as efficient an ally as he had been a formidable enemy. Only let him have Maud in his power, that was all he asked, praying him to spare her, kneeling at his feet, and then without a shade of compunction to ruin, and crush, and humble her to the dust!

He saw his way presently, but he must work warily, he told himself, and use all the tools that came to his hand.

'If you can clear the matter up, Dorothea,' said he, kindly, 'I will not visit your share in it on your head, as I have already told you. Indeed I believe I owe you my life. But this man you mention, this Gentleman Jim as you call him, can you find him? Do you know where he is? My poor girl! I think I understand. Surely you deserved better treatment at his hands.'

The kind words produced this time no softening effect, and Tom knew enough of human nature to feel sure that she was bent on revenge as earnestly as himself, while he also knew that he must take advantage of her present humour at once, for it might change in an hour.

'If I could lay my hand on him,' answered Dorothea, fiercely, 'it's likely I'd leave my mark! I've looked for him now, high and low, every evening and many arternoons, better nor a week. I ain't come on him yet, the false-hearted thief! but I seen *her* only the day before yesterday, seen her walk into a house in Berners Street as bold as you please. I watched and waited better nor two hours, for, thinks I, he won't be long follerin'; and I seen her come out agin with a gentleman, a comely young gentleman; I'd know him anywheres, but he warn't like my Jim.'

'Are you sure it was the same lady?' asked Tom, eagerly, but ashamed of putting so unnecessary a question when he saw the expression of Dorothea's face.

'Am I sure?' said she, with a short gasping laugh. 'Do you suppose as a woman can be mistook as has been put upon like me? Lawyers is clever men, askin' your pardon, Mr. Ryfe, but there's not much sense in such a question as yours: I seen the lady sir, and I seen the house; that's enough for me!'

'And you observed the gentleman narrowly?' continued Tom, stifling down a little pang of jealousy that was surely unreasonable now.

'Well, I didn't take much notice of the gentleman,' answered Dorothea, wearily, for the reaction was coming on apace. 'It warn't my Jim I know. You and me has both been used bad, Master Tom, and it's a shame, it is. But the weather's uncommon close, and it's a long walk here and I'm a'most fit to drop, askin' your pardon, sir. I wrote down the number of the 'ouse, Master Tom, to make sure—there it is. If you please, I'll go down stairs, and ask the servants for a cup o' tea, and I wish you a good arternoon, sir, and am glad to see you lookin' a trifle better at last.'

So Dorothea departed to enjoy the luxury of strong tea and unlimited gossip with Mr. Bargrave's household, drawing largely on her invention in explanation of her recent interview, but affording them no clue to the real object of her visit.

Tom Ryfe was still puzzled. That Maud (he could not endure to think of her as Lady Bearwarden)—that Maud should, so soon after her marriage, be seen going about London by herself under such questionable circumstances was strange, to say the least of it, even making allowances for her recklessness and wilful disposition, of which no one could be better aware than himself. What could be her object? though he loved her so fiercely in his own way, he had no great opinion of her discretion; and now, in the bitterness of his anger, was prepared to put the very worst construction upon everything she did. He recalled, painfully enough, a previous

occasion on which he had met her, as he believed, walking with a stranger in the Park, and did not forget her displeasure while cutting short his inquiries on the subject. After all, it occurred to him almost immediately that the person with whom she had been lately seen was probably her own husband. He would not himself have described Lord Bearwarden exactly as a 'comely young gentleman,' but on the subject of manly beauty Dorothea's taste was probably more reliable than his own. If so, however, what could they be doing in Berners Street? Pshaw! How this illness had weakened his intellect! Having her picture painted, of course! what else could bring a doting couple, married only a few weeks, to that part of the town? He cursed Dorothea bitterly for her ridiculous surmises and speculations—cursed the fond pair—cursed his own wild unconquerable folly—cursed the day he first set eyes on that fatal beauty, so maddening to his senses, so destructive to his heart; and thus cursing staggered across the room to take his strengthening draught, looked at his pale, worn face in the glass, and sat down again to think.

The doctor had visited him at noon, and stated with proper caution that in a day or two, if amendment still progressed satisfactorily, 'carriage exercise,' as he called it, might be taken with undoubted benefit to the invalid. We all know, none better than medical men themselves, that if your doctor says you may get up to-morrow, you jump out of bed the moment his back is turned. Tom Ryfe, worried, agitated, unable to rest where he was, resolved that he would take his carriage-exercise without delay, and to the housemaid's astonishment, indeed much against her protest, ordered a Hansom cab to the door at once.

Though so weak he could not dress without assistance, he no sooner found himself on the move, and out of doors, than he began to feel stronger and better; he had no object in driving beyond change of scene, air, and exercise; but it will

not surprise those who have suffered from the cruel thirst and longing which accompanies such mental maladies as his, that he should have directed the cabman to proceed to Berners Street.

It sometimes happens that when we thus 'draw a bow at a venture' our random shaft hits the mark we might have aimed at for an hour in vain. Tom Ryfe esteemed it an unlooked-for piece of good fortune that turning out of Oxford Street he should meet another Hansom going at speed in an opposite direction, and containing—yes, he could have

sworn to them before any jury in England—the faces, very near each other, of Lady Bearwarden and Dick Stanmore.

It was enough. Dorothes's statement seemed sufficiently corroborated, and after proceeding to the number she indicated, as if to satisfy himself that the house had not walked bodily away, Mr. Ryfe returned home very much benefited in his own opinion by the drive, though the doctor, visiting his patient next day, was disappointed to find him still low and feverish, altogether not so much better as he expected.

THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

FORSTER'S LIFE OF LANDOR.*

MR. FORSTER has in his time rendered many and massive services to English literature and history, although we must, by way, even here, enter our caveat against the one-sided political character of his histories. But, on the whole, he has perhaps written no better book than this, which, for the subject and its treatment, is the most interesting book he has done. Walter Savage Landor was a very king among men, standing head and shoulders above his contemporaries. He was never a popular writer. The 'Imaginary Conversations,' indeed, is a work with which most general readers are on some terms of acquaintance. A few stray lines of his poetry have also passed into the language, and are universally known. But besides this Landor very rarely penetrated beyond the esoteric circle of gifted men who entertained for him a most passionate admiration, and who claimed for him a higher place than was granted to him by the mass of his contemporaries, but perhaps not higher than will be conceded by a later age. But, at the same time, a very strong personal interest has

* 'Walter Savage Landor.' A Biography. By John Forster. Two vols. Chapman and Hall.

always belonged to this most wonderful old man. To him, if to any man, belonged a most strongly-marked individuality. He was a man who was always a law to himself, which means that he was lawless in respect to others; daringly but irregularly great—great both in his attainments and his originality; headstrong, violent, imprudent, but chivalrous, tender, and generous to the highest conceivable degree. It was well known that he was obliged to leave England under a cloud, under an extraordinary amount of well-earned obloquy. Mr. Forster has written his work with a fairness and impartiality to which biography in general is almost a stranger. He has told us, with kindness and candour, of the errors of a great man most fatally misguided as guided only by his own will, but the general result of his work will be to make Landor infinitely better understood by his countrymen, and greatly to raise the general estimate of his character.

It is essentially a literary biography, and the reader will find much keen and delicate criticism of Landor's varied writings. Its value as a thoughtful literary work will in this respect be considerably



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FROM LIFE AT THE COURT OF THE QUEEN
HIED THE QUEEN'S FAVORITE
JAMES THE FIRST OF GREAT BRITAIN



STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.

H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA.

Drawn by the late George H. Thomas. Engraved by William L. Thomas.

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enhanced, though its immediate popularity may perhaps be depreciated. But with occasional assistance of much service from such illustrious coadjutors as Southey, Julius Hare, Sir Frederick Pollock, Dickens, Browning, Algernon Swinburne, Mr. Forster has given us an intellectual portraiture of Landor of the highest degree of finish and perfection. We are told that it was at Landor's house that Dickens first devised the conception of *Little Nell* in the 'Old Curiosity Shop,' and Mr. Forster tells us that Dickens depicted Landor in the portraiture of *Boythorn* in 'Bleak House.' But the cheery loudness and playful explosiveness of the *Boythorn* in fiction point to some unpleasant facts in the Landor of reality—the swift wrath, the utter impracticableness, the unwisdom, the unrest. At Oxford, although he was a thorough scholar, that would have delighted the hearts of dons, he was sent away because he foolishly discharged a gun against a don's window. He displeased the best parents in the world by such a wish as that the French would hang George the Third between two such thieves as the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. When his good mother heard this speech, she immediately rose from her seat and boxed her precocious son's ears. It would be hardly too much to say that throughout life Landor was always making such speeches and always getting his ears boxed. At the same time Landor was a man whose knowledge of Greek was prodigious, and who wrote Latin poetry, not only with the Latinity, but with the freshness and independence of a Latin-born poet. There was one man who loved both his letters and his liberalism, and this was Dr. Parr, who, in spite of all his persecutions, passed an intensely enjoyable life, and left a large fortune behind him. Landor was only twenty-three when he brought out his great poem, beloved by poets, of 'Gebir.' He was at Paris when Bonaparte was First Consul, and had a good opportunity of observing him narrowly. It was wonderful to hear Landor, in his old

age, describing Napoleon Bonaparte as a slim young man. In later life, when living in Bath, he had a visit from the nephew, the present Emperor. He sent Landor his work on 'Artillery': 'Témoigne d'estime de la part du Prince Napoléon Louis B., qui apprécie le vraie mérite quelque opposé qu'il soit à ses sentiments et à son opinion.' Mr. Forster has an interesting note, saying that at the very time when Landor thus met Louis Napoleon in Bath (1846), 'there was in a boarding-school twelve miles off, on the Clifton Downs, a pretty girl—grandniece to a maiden lady living in a very small house at Dumfries—who is now Empress of France.'

But we must return to the earlier current of Landor's days, although our space does not permit us to make even an abstract of Mr. Forster's volumes. For some time Landor resided, an alien and exile from home, in South Wales, and, with a strongly-marked attachment to localities, he always looked back kindly on the neighbourhood of Swansea. In due time he succeeded to the family estates in Staffordshire; and if he had been capable of the least prudence and restraint he might have been a wealthy squire to the end of the chapter. But he soon began to be extravagant and to be in love. He found a heroine whom he chose to call *Ioné*, 'a name translated far too easily into Jones;' and presently another young woman crops up called *Ianthé*. The time was not altogether ill spent, for he visited Spain, he wrote a tragedy, and he formed a lifelong friendship with Southey, charming the poet's heart by an offer to be at the cost of printing epics as fast as he should write them. He fixed his heart upon Llanthony Abbey and its estates, and to complete this purchase he had to make complicated arrangements, parting with his ancestral estate, causing his mother to part with hers, and having to obtain a private Act of Parliament. In after years, Landor came to a very pretty place, on which he gazed with enthusiasm and longed to possess, and he was told that it was part of his own

ancestral estate which he had sold in order to purchase Llanthony. It became necessary that he should give Llanthony a mistress. Accordingly he married a young lady on the high ground that she had very few pretensions and no fortune. 'The marriage took place before the end of May. It had all been arranged and settled after the manner of the eternal friendship between Cecilia and Matilda in the "Anti-jacobin." A sudden thought had struck him and the thing was done. He had married a pretty little girl, of whom he seems literally to have had no other knowledge than that she had more curls on her head than any other girl in Bath.'

Landor made a sad business both of his wife and of his estate. There were great difficulties in both, but so much more might have been made of both. There was too great a difference in their ages, and Landor had not the tact and skill to compose this and still greater differences. 'I must do the little wife the justice to say,' wrote his brother Robert, one of the justest and wisest of men, 'that I saw much of her, about three years after her marriage, during a long journey through France and Italy, and that I left her with regret and pity.' Similarly the Welsh among whom he had settled himself were people requiring judicious and adroit management, a system of which Landor was utterly incapable. Landor was as unstable as water. He intended to rebuild the abbey, but he didn't; to build himself a fine residence, but he didn't; to plant a million of trees, but he didn't; to reform and civilize the Llanthony world, but he didn't. He found it the speediest escape out of his troubles to run away both from his wife and his estate; but he discovered afterwards that it was not so easy to make an escape from such troubles. Mr. Forster speaks of the evil and stubborn qualities of the Welsh; but Landor ought to have made the best and not the worst of things. Bullied by the Welsh, he thought of establishing himself as a French citizen in some provincial town of France. The plan was given up, and after

a dreary section entitled 'Private Disputes,' dealing with lawsuits and annoyances, we find him migrating to Italy, and after many wanderings settling down in Florence. He had the Medicean palazzo there, but he contrived to make himself obnoxious to the authorities, and received orders to quit Tuscany. He managed, however, a charming villa at Fiesol6, associated with Michael Angelo and Machiavelli, with Galileo and with Milton. It was bought very cheaply. It is pleasant, too, to read, when we hear of Landor's unbounded generosity to others, that his generous friend Ablett advanced him the money for the purchase, and would have forced it upon him as a present. When the money was after various years repaid Ablett refused to accept any money for its use.

Years after Landor had left the place Charles Dickens visited it. He drove out to Fiesol6, and asked the coachman to point out to him Landor's villa. But we will let Mr. Dickens speak for himself. 'He was a dull dog, and pointed to Boccaccio's. I didn't believe him. He was so deuced ready that I knew he lied. I went up to the convent, which is on a height, and was leaning over a dwarf wall looking at the noble view over a vast range of hill and valley, when a little peasant girl came up and began to point out the localities. "Ecco la Villa Landora!" was one of the first half-dozen sentences she spoke. My heart swelled almost as Landor's would have done when I looked down upon it, nestling among its olive-trees and vines, and with its upper windows (there are five above the door) open to the setting sun. Over the centre of these there is another story, set upon the housetop like a tower; and all Italy, except its sea, is melted down into the glowing landscape it commands. I plucked a leaf of ivy from the convent garden as I looked; and here it is. "For Landor, with my love." So writes Mr. Dickens to our biographer. From this paradisaical retreat he tears himself away by voluntary

self-banishment. He quarrelled with his wife, and in the course of this quarrel acted with the most absurd inconsistency. He says that his wife used language to him which was intolerable in the presence of his children. It seems probable that Landor's complaint against his wife was well founded; but what can we think of him as a father for deserting his children for so many years and surrendering them entirely to a parent whose conduct he deliberately disapproved? Even while in Italy he had made flying visits to England, refreshing himself with old family associations and literary companionship, and taking with him many worthless pictures which had been imposed upon his want of taste. He now settled himself at Bath, where he continued for one-and-twenty years the greatest of its local celebrities. It is unnecessary to speak at length of the sad events that drove him away from Bath. He mixed himself up in a miserable quarrel about a governess, and speedily found himself involved in an action for libel. He was a man who had always put passion before reason, but would ultimately return to a better mind. This better mind seemed to desert him at the last, and Landor was now a different being to the Landor who had once been. When he published his 'Dry Sticks Faggoted,' strongly against Mr. Forster's remonstrance, he wished to add on the title-page, 'By the late W. S. Landor,' which in one sense might have been truly said, and was with difficulty dissuaded. The slander business originated in Landor's desire to have the declivity of life smoothed for him by the companionship of charming young ladies. He had formerly promulgated his opinion on this subject in that favourite 'Imaginary Dialogue,' in which Epicurus shows two handsome Athenian girls of sixteen and eighteen his new garden, and expounds to them his philosophy. But, as Mr. Forster somewhat grimly remarks, 'Everything depends in such a case upon the choice of your *Ternissa* and *Leontion*.' With Landor irascibility

grew into madness; you were either a fiend or an angel with him. In his usual insensate way he violated an undertaking not to reproduce the libel, and was cast in damages for a thousand pounds with costs. He was determined not to pay, but to settle his property on his children and to flee the country. In the last part of his design he easily succeeded, but the opposite lawyers were too sharp for him and got their money. On his flight he stopped in London at Mr. Forster's, and Mr. Dickens, who went to see him in his bedroom, 'came back into the room laughing, and said that he found him very jovial, and his whole conversation was upon the characters of Catullus, Tibullus, and other Latin poets.' Then he went back to Italy, living six years longer. His domestic unhappiness involved him in a great deal of misery, but Mr. Browning very nobly came to his help and did him infinite service. 'Whatever he may profess,' says Mr. Browning, 'the thing he really loves is a pretty girl to talk nonsense with.'

There has hardly been for years past a literary biography so full and perfect as this by Mr. Forster. It would be easy to cull many passages of very great literary and social interest. One only criticism, which we advance with much diffidence, is, that there might have been more compression and the book be brought within narrower limits. Also, upon the whole, we are doubtful whether Landor sufficiently deserved such an elaborate biography. Although he is probably destined for a still higher fame than he has as yet received, the thoroughly Greek character of his mind will only insure him an audience fit and few. Besides his Greek we are afraid he was a thorough heathen. In intellectual power he touched the nadir; in moral power he sunk almost below zero.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

We would not that the Royal Academy should gloriously inaugurate the second century of its bright existence within its new and noble halls without a word of greet-

ing from the Peripatetic. The edifice itself forms the most remarkable item of the preënt exhibition. The critics have now all had their say, and, of course, have been obliged to be critical; but allowing the grumble that there is only one spacious room for the sake of the banquet, we believe also that the smaller rooms form admirable galleries. There has also been a great deal of grumbling about the pictures, and it may be granted both that there have been some unfair disappointments, and also that some of the Academicians have much too liberally availed themselves of the space which is constitutionally at their disposal. Still I maintain, contrary to much very positive opinion, that the exhibition of this year is, as an exhibition, exceedingly good. There are paintings here which, in the effect which they produce upon the spectator, and in the memories which they leave behind, are rarely equalled. There are few more delightful employments than the gradual accumulation of notes to one's fresh copy of the Catalogue, now in tinted cover and *minus* the choice quotation as motto. We are not disappointed in the names there, nor yet in the results to be associated with the names. We go at once to Landseer, Poole, Millais, Creswick, Cope, O'Neil, Frith, Goodal, and a few other celebrated men, and then we leisurely work through the new or rising names to see with whom may rest the palm on account of the 'ingenium et labor.' But though pleasant to make annotations, it would hardly be fair, at this time of the day, to transfer the annotations to print; otherwise we would like to discuss at length the savage power shown in Landseer's greatest but painful picture of the Swannery attacked by Sea-eagles; Millais's stately women and beautiful children, when perhaps, the drapery allows him to work rather too rapidly; the exquisite oriental pictures of Lewis, where (in 157) many worthy souls puzzle themselves to find out the letter; Poole's Lorenzo and Jessica, and so on; to point out our favourites to the friendly reader, and entreat him to admire them with us.

As each man takes his special favourite, we will avow that Paed's little picture, 'Alone by Himself,' in the simplicity of its pathos and poetry is unique in the exhibition. As an example, too, of sound honest study expended on a fine passage of literary history we greatly like Mr. Crowe's 'Penance of Dr. Johnson, 768.' He stood in the rain all day in the market-place at Uttoxeter, to expiate the sin of disobedience to his father. Many have laughed over the incident, but the truest criticism was that of an old lady, 'And let us hope the sin was expiated.'

Next to Mr. Woolner's works, perhaps the most interesting specimen is the Princess Louise's excellent head and bust of the Queen. Here the intimate knowledge of her mother has supplied touches unattainable to the sculptor. The Princess stands in the first rank of amateur art, and perhaps something more. But we have only time to greet the new halls, and bid them, literally, adieu. We had only assigned ourselves a very brief space for this, and the space is full.

THE LATE G. H. THOMAS'S EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.

From the various exhibitions we can only devote a brief space to the exhibition of the pictures of the late Mr. G. H. Thomas, not unmindful of the genius and good taste with which he so often adorned our pages. We may venture regretfully to think, that with all his excellence he had hardly reached his culminating point when he was cut off by premature death. In his numerous works there is abundant proof of the conscientiousness, thoroughness, study, and thought which are often such large constituents in genius, and which corresponded so well with the well-known high and kindly nature of the man. No one had a swifter and more discerning eye than her gracious Majesty, to observe and give judicious encouragement to this artist's extraordinary ability. The Queen's numerous contributions to this exhibition give it one of its best charms, and attest how much she

valued the numerous compositions that were done at her command. Going carefully through this collection of 170 pictures and drawings, one is greatly struck by the immense versatility they display. The faces of little children and of fair women, manly energy in all the life and movement of the human figure, pastoral landscape with rivulet or river, bits of sea or woodland, the glorious sky of Italy or the sky hardly less glorious of England on a deep summer day—touches of pathos, of humour, of tenderness, of reflection, are everywhere around us, of a pretty uniform high order of excellence. Nothing is more remarkable than the way in which the artist has seized very different departments, such as foliage in the 'Apple-blossom,' or horses, such as in the wonderful painting of 'Masterless,' or, again, French subjects as in the 'Dimanche,' in a way so thorough and earnest that he might have concentrated his artist life in any one of the directions indicated. Some of the pictures suggest more or less criticism, but with this we do not here propose to trouble our readers. A great interest attaches to those cases where we are able to compare the earlier studies with the finished design, or to note the point where the cunning hand of the limner was arrested. It gives a peculiar interest to the collection to know that throughout his later career the gifted industrious artist was struggling against disease.

We were greatly struck with the picture which is first in the Catalogue, 'The Train.' Frith's 'Railway Station' was a great picture, but our artists have not yet done for modern locomotion what their predecessors have done for the road. The rail may seem a prosaic and commonplace subject, but Mr. Thomas shows us how much beauty it may yield. It is a long railway cutting through woodland arched by a viaduct. An express train comes tearing along at full speed. A group of rustics, women and children, are watching with wondering, half-fearful faces. The time is evening, and the long wreath of curling steam contrasts well with

the leaden clouds, and through a rent in them the blood-red sun looks down upon the picture. The subject is real enough in all conscience, but it has both poetry and mystery. The painting to which we have alluded above, 'Masterless' (9), is, to our mind, the most remarkable in the collection. It is his most ideal painting. It is also his last, a prophecy of what might have been in the future. The sun sets in a wild tempest of glory on a barren heath, and over this comes careering, in mad infuriated flight, a riderless horse; the cloaks and holsters have slipped aside; the startled eye and smoking nostril seem to tell us that he is flying from the horror of the battle-field in wild search for his master, and that the weakness of fatigue will soon check his speed. The picture of animal suffering and fidelity amid the desolation of war and nature is exceedingly touching and suggestive, and instinct with that dramatic action which this artist develops so peculiarly well.

We proceed from pictures to groups of pictures. It so happened that we had just returned from a run in the Isle of Wight, reviving former impressions, and so were able to judge freshly of the numerous sketches from the island, Shanklin, Freshwater, Alum Bay, &c., and their extraordinary fidelity to special details. The numerous landscapes have a truth at once frankly recognised by memory and the heart. Those of our readers who, when staying at Boulogne, had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the inner life of the camp will enjoy wonderfully the picture of the 'Ball.' We perceive that this is about to be engraved on steel. The grisette in 'Dimanche' would do for Victor Hugo's 'Fantine' in that bright summer day at St. Cloud. The pictures in the collection which are historical, as time goes on will acquire a constantly increasing value. They are mainly the Queen's property. We observe that (170) 'The First Distribution of the Victoria Cross' is also to be engraved.

This collection in the Lawrence Gallery, New Bond Street, has cer-

tainly a unique interest. It should be studied as a whole, with its stamp of distinctive individuality. The labours of a life-time are brought together, in graduated steps of excellence; we trace a life-history throughout their diversities and affluence of skill. As a collection, we have said enough to intimate our opinion that it is one of the most remarkable ever submitted to the public, and we may also add that in its hints and teachings indicative of progressive steps in true work and workmanship, it has a real educational value.

MISTAKES IN LIFE.

I met with a very able man some time ago who ingeniously argued that there were no such things as mistakes in life. He was in everything an optimist: 'Whatever is, is right.' I should have been glad to have coincided in a view of things so eminently cheerful and consolatory. I put the case rather coarsely and practically to him. 'Suppose you broke your leg.' My friend replied with much fervour that such an accident would really prove an excellent thing for him. Now there is a case 'on the books' in which a broken leg turned out to be a signal advantage. There was a good bishop who was arrested in the Marian times and ordered to be brought up to London. He was noted for his implicit belief in a providential order of things. Coming up to town on his way he fell and broke his leg. When he was asked whether that accident was for the best, he unhesitatingly replied 'Certainly.' Which turned out to be the case, for he was detained on the road, and while he was detained Queen Mary died. His broken leg saved him from the stake. My friend was not arguing the matter on theological grounds, for I am afraid he clings to the dreary negations of positivism, or his notion might have required a different line of disquisition. He was discussing the matter on the principles of the broadest philosophy, and according to this there was nothing to prevent his breaking his leg if he thought that a desirable consummation. He

would, I think, regret such a step as a very serious mistake in life. So far from the optimist theory being true, there is nothing of which human life produces a more plentiful crop than mistakes. I remember that Sir James Graham refused to join a vote of censure on a ministry that was thought to have committed a great mistake, because he was conscious, he said, that he had made so many mistakes himself. That is the most brilliant man, not who makes the most brilliant hits, but who makes the fewest mistakes. This is, I believe, an axiom with all military writers. Some of Napoleon's finest fighting was a mistake, and I believe it can be proved to demonstration that the Duke of Wellington made several conspicuous blunders on the field of Waterloo. He won, not because he made no blunders, but because Napoleon made more.

Lord Derby once got himself into ill odour by repeating the cynical French saying that a certain line of conduct was worse than a sin, for it was a mistake. This is not a real antithesis, because, both etymologically and in substance, the two words are synonymous. The old Greeks took *sin*, or what they regarded as such, to be a blunder and a mistake. We see this often enough in common experience. I never see a case of deliberate jilting—when an honest man is thrown overboard by a heartless flirt, or an honest girl is jilted by some light-of-love—but I know that there is an unpleasant kind of Nemesis hovering in the air. There were few more impressive speeches than that in which the late Lord Cranworth sentenced Rush, the Jermy-hall murderer, to be hung, and told him that if he had kept his promise of marrying the principal witness against him, the policy of the law would have sealed her lips, and in all probability he would have been acquitted. There is no doubt but the wretched man felt that he had made a very material mistake in life.

But we are not concerned with matters so melodramatic as this. When men come to a certain age they begin to analyse emotions, to

criticise past transactions, and become deeply meditative on the past. They will sometimes make you dreamy half confidences, and tell you that there was a time when at a certain point the path of life became bifurcated, and they turned to the left hand when they ought to have turned to the right. That was their fatal error. Everything would have gone well with them if they had not made a particular mistake. Now I believe there is a great deal of confusion of thought on this subject. Men confound what is accidental with what is essential. They think that a particular act was isolated and accidental, whereas, as a matter of fact, it is simply part of an orderly sequence of events. It is the legitimate consequent of antecedents—it is the logical outcome of a certain tone and character. A man is killed while hunting or drowned while bathing. It is often called an accident, while it is often nothing of the kind. The horse did not suit him, the style of country did not suit him, hunting had altogether ceased to suit him. Or the man bathed too far from land or amid currents or amid rocks. And in either case the man knew that he was running a kind of risk, but the risk seemed remote, and the thought *I will chance it* occurred to his mind. And in time he ran through his chances and got killed. So I have met some youths who have only missed some sublime academic distinction through some slight mistake of their own—or of the examiners. They had read all their books most carefully except some particular author, and on that author they were wrecked. The real fact is that our scholar was an inaccurate and desultory reader, and this led to a fall in his class. Another man might have got a good thing if he had only applied in time, but another 'had stepped in before him.' In point of fact the man was unpunctual and unbusinesslike; he had not suffered much from such bad habits before, but all at once they had 'eventuated' in such a catastrophe. Another man makes a marriage which turns out to be unwise or unhappy; but the fellow had

been loafing about for years, not caring to whom he made love so that he carried on that exciting pastime. And then he met some one who at least had the tact to play the game a stroke more skilfully than himself, and so he got mated and checkmated at the same time.

In most instances we see that there has been a confusion of thought. The mistake is, in fact, the sum of a series of mistakes—the last factor in a long line of figures. It is not an isolated blunder, but the reaping of a sowing. Sometimes there is something very touching in the confessions which one hears from those who would desire to tell their stories, or perhaps in those confessions which a man makes to himself. When a man has invested all his money in Overend and Gurney one hardly likes to enter into an elaborate argument to prove that this was not an isolated blunder, but the natural result of a wrong twist of mind—this desire for a high return of money, this thirsting for the profits of the trader, this unpatriotic contempt for the safe and solid Three per Cents. Sometimes, however, there is the comfortable office of explaining to a troubled mind that the mistake is not a great one after all. I am sitting in dim college rooms, where luxury and art have been grafted on the noble library, where the painted oriel and the vase, bronzes, and gems minister to an æsthetic sense. My companion pale and thin, now a little old and worn. He tells me that he is a disappointed man, that he made a great mistake in life. He laid a wide and deep foundation, but he has reared no superstructure. He meant—as other men have meant and carried out their meaning—to have done supremely well at Oxford, and so to have climbed on to statesmanship or the bar; but he became so good a scholar as to be good for nothing else besides. Law did not come easy to him, oratory was impossible; so he threw up the experiment and came back to Oxford to take pupils, to fulfil the humble offices of the college dons, to edit editions of one of the fathers. There is no fame

for him, and as he is a layman, no wife or child or pleasant rural home. I deny that my friend has made a mistake. We have need of men such as he is who in gentle culture, refinement, and intelligence should be in the van of society. They, even more than our nobles, according to Burke's image, form the true Corinthian capital of the pillar of the state. Then again I find a man who is immersed in business. The claims of his work upon him are so enormous that he cannot take repose, or even if he takes repose he cannot do so with a glad, full heart, but strictly subordinates his leisure to his work, as we wrap precious things in wool and linings. He, too, is troubled with some vague, remorseful notions that he has made mistakes in life. He had no business to enter on a life that gives him no leisure. I tell him that our business in this world is to be busy; that his activity is of more use to others and to himself than his leisure would be, and there will be rest in due time. Perhaps he will tell me—I have heard such things said—that he ought to have married a girl with money, and then he might rest without having to work so hard for his family. I would hardly venture in formal terms to combat such an unmanly argument. Suppose all men should wish to marry girls with money: here is an *argumentum ad absurdum* to begin with. I am impatient with men who are impatient of work. The cleverest and wealthiest and most illustrious of Englishmen are amongst the hardest workers. You tell me, my small-

minded friend Jones, that you are harassed, and overworked, and too anxious, and have a multiplicity of botherations and cares, and that all this has come upon you because at a critical time you made a mistake in life. It is the proper state of life that such a state of things should be, and that which has brought it about cannot be a mistake.

I know that my philosophy will seem shallow enough to those who know that they have made mistakes that are not susceptible of such light healings, or perhaps of any healings. Yet even the mistake that has evoked the clear vision of remorse or the sincere tear of repentance is not unsusceptible of alleviating considerations. I have heard it said that a man cannot be a great author till he has had a great sorrow; which is true so far as it embodies the truth, that the great mistake which leads to great sorrow also yields fruit that may counterbalance the original fault. As Schubert, the great musician, said, in sorrow there is something that fructifies the intellect and purifies the mind, while joy deadens intellect and heart; as our own Tennyson says, the soul, as a weapon, must be forged through baths of hissing tears for shape and use; as the large-hearted and glorious poetess, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, said in her allegorical poem of the god Pan—

'Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
A beast as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man.
The true gods weep for the grief and the pain,
For the reed that grows never more again
As a reed by the reeds of the river.'

A BUNCH OF WITHERED VIOLETS.

COLOURLESS, tumbled, and faded,
Scentless and dead,
Withered stalks and old thread,
But I'd give my life could I lie where they did.

Found as I looked for some trifle
In some odd place—
Rushed the blood to my face,
And a cry to my lips that I scarce could stifle.

Last week I thought it was ended,
Over and done;
That I'd conquered and won;
Now they've opened the wound, and it can't be mended.
Coolly and calmly I'd reckoned
Thinking for hours;
And a bunch of old flowers
Sent my coolness and calmness adrift in a second.
Back it all came madly rushing—
Ball-room and ball,
And the seat in the hall
Where I asked, and she gave, half averted and blushing.
Sitting apart through the Lancers,
Somehow I dared—
And she gave them, half scared,
And looked round, and then out came the rest of the dancers.
Scarcely a word was spoken,
Only she gave;
And I went home her slave,
Yet proud as a king, with my sacred token.
She had worn them, I know, from eleven—
Worn them till three,
When she gave them to me;
And I think they had been for four hours in heaven.
Can you guess where it was that she wore them
Nestled away?
Why it is that I say
I could kneel down this minute and worship before them?
Can you guess why some dry leaves and cotton
Thrill through my heart?
Why my pulse gave that start,
When I found those dead blossoms, a while forgotten?
They lay close to some beads that kept falling
Only to rise
'With her laugh and her sighs.'
Can you guess why the memory still is enthralling?
Tennyson's fair 'Miller's Daughter'—
Read it and learn
Why my cheeks throb and burn.
Did she think, as she gave, of that song I had taught her?
Yet she was wrong in her kindness;
I wrong to take;
But she gave for my sake,
And I asked, though I knew it was madness and blindness.
Blindness, because on the morrow
All must be o'er;
There could never be more;
And though she would forget, I could only reap sorrow.
Here are the flowers all faded,
Scentless and dead,
Withered stalks and old thread;
But I'd give my life could I lie where they did.

VERY OLD PEOPLE.

A CORRESPONDENCE of a singular kind is going on in the public journals, on a subject which was originally started by the late Sir George Lewis, the eminent statesman and acute thinker—*Is there any person more than a hundred years old?* The very statement of such a question seems absurd; for we are no more in the habit of doubting this fact than that Daniel Lambert was very fat, or General Tom Thumb very short. And yet this was the question which Sir George propounded. He expressed a doubt whether there is any thoroughly conclusive evidence—evidence which would satisfy both a logician and a lawyer—of a person having over-lived one hundred years. He declared that, in every case he had examined, there was some loophole or other, some point left insufficiently verified. When this matter was started in 'Notes and Queries,' it brought forward a multitude of rejoinders; and when, at different periods since, it has occupied attention in the 'Times,' the challenge has been accepted by a still larger number of eager combatants. Country clergymen, especially, and others acquainted with the literature of tombstones and parish registers, have been very earnest in their assertion that centenarianism is a fact which ought not for an instant to be doubted.

Let us notice, first, some of the alleged facts; and then, the reasons which have suggested incredulity on the subject. A book was published about the beginning of the present century, containing notices of more than seventeen hundred persons reputed to have lived to the age of a hundred or upwards; but the author or compiler was so ready to swallow anything marvellous, so indisposed to cautious inquiry, that we will dismiss him altogether. We will gather a few instances from chronicles, obituaries, and registers of various kinds, sufficient to show the general nature of the belief on this subject. Let us leave untouched the decade between 100 and 110 years old; seeing that Sir George

Lewis admitted before he died that even *he* had been convinced by some of the instances adduced: that *is*, he could detect no flaw in the evidence that a few persons had lived to an age between 100 and 110. We will start from the last-named date, and so travel onwards.

Popular statements assign the age of 110 to John Locke, who was baptized in 1716 when three years old, and buried at Larling, in Norfolk, in 1823; to an old woman at Enniskillen, who was born in 1754, and was alive in 1864; to Philip Luke, who had been cabin boy under Lord Anson so far back as the time of George I., and was living at Larnoe in Ireland in 1826; and to Mary Ralphson, who followed her soldier-husband to the wars in the time of George II., fought by his side in the uniform of a wounded dragoon who had fallen close to her, and died in 1808 at Liverpool. Then there was Betty Roberts, who was born at Northop in Flintshire in 1749, and was living at Liverpool in 1859 with a brisk young fellow of 80 as her son. The age of 111 has been claimed for John Craig, who fought at Sheriffmuir in 1715, and died at Kilmarnock in 1793; and for the Rev. Richard Lufkin, who died at Ufford in Suffolk in 1678, and who preached a sermon the very Sunday before his death. Concerning the age of 112, there was Toney Procter, who was negro servant to an English officer at Quebec so far back as 1759, and yet lived to see the year 1855; and there was Isabel Walker, who died in 1774, and whose engraved portrait is in the Museum of the Antiquarian Society at Perth. But a more curious instance was that which was connected with a convivial meeting held at a tavern in the metropolis in 1788, to celebrate the centenary of the revolution of 1688; an old man said he was 112 years old, and remembered the revolution as having occurred when he was a lad: of course his *convives* chaired him in triumph. The age of 113 is claimed for Michael Boyne, who died at Armagh in 1776; Mrs.

Gillam, who died in Aldersgate Street in 1761; a man in whose memory a tombstone was put up in Roche Abbey Church in 1734, and whose son lived to be 109; and the Rev. Patrick Machell Vivian, vicar of Lesbury, near Alnwick, who was born in 1546, and wrote a letter in 1657 (when 111 years old), in which he said, 'I was never of a fat, but a slender mean habit of body.' Two other instances are, William Carter, who had been a sergeant in the army, and who died in 1768; and Patrick Grant, a veteran of the Battle of Culloden, who survived till 1824. If we want evidence of the age of 114, we are referred to a tombstone in Mucross Abbey, Killarney, which bears the epitaph—'Erected by Daniel Shine, in memory of his father, Owen Shine, who departed this life April 6th, 1847, aged 114 years. Pray for him.'

We now go on to another group of five years. What say the advocates of 115? Nothing that we need dwell upon here; but among those for whom have been claimed the age of 116 years, we find Robert Pooles, who died at Tyross, in Armagh, in 1742; John Lyon, whose death took place at Bandon in 1761; and Mrs. Mary Power, aunt of the late Right Hon. Richard Lalor Sheil. David Kerrison, a soldier of the American Revolution, died at Albany in 1853 at the age of 117; which was also the age claimed for Donald M'Gregor, a Skye farmer in the last century. Mr. John Riva, a stockbroker, died in 1771 at the age of 118, having been accustomed to walk to office till within a few days of his death; and if the parish register of Irthington, in Northumberland, is to be relied upon, of similar age was Robert Bowman, when he died in 1829. In a hospital at Moscow, there was an old man, who was wont to say that he enlisted in the Russian army in the time of Peter the Great; if so, he could hardly have been less than 119 at the time when an English traveller visited him a few years ago. Mr. Sneyd, in 1833, saw a gaunt, large-limbed, exceedingly wrinkled old woman at Lanslebourg,

in Savoy, who said she was born in 1714, and remembered events that took place in 1731.

Of course when we come to ages between 120 and 130, we must not expect the instances to be very numerous; but let us jot down a few from various authorities. The age of 120 has been claimed for Ursula Chicken (what a chicken!), who died at Holderness in 1722; William Jugall, a faithful old servant of the Webster family, at Battle Abbey, in Sussex, who died in 1798, and to whom a monument was erected in Battle churchyard; Mr. Charles Cottrell, who died at Philadelphia in 1761, leaving a wife (aged 115), to whom he had been married ninety-eight years; and a Duchess of Buccleugh, who (according to a volume published by the Rev. John Dun, of Auchinleck) had 'lived twenty years a maiden, fifty years a wife, and fifty years a widow,' and died in 1728. 'Blackwood's Magazine' spoke in 1821 of a Mr. Charles Leyne, who had just then died at the age of 121 in the United States, having lived there under four British sovereigns before the rupture in 1774: he left a widow 110 years old. A hoary-headed negro, who was one of the lions of New York at the time of the International Exhibition of 1853 in that city, was said to be 124 years old; but we do not know whether this was one of Mr. Barnum's wonders. The Bodleian Library contains a news-letter of June 1, 1724, in which is a paragraph to the effect, that, as the courtiers were going to St. James's to be presented to George I., they were attracted by a venerable woman, who stated herself to be 124 years old; she had kept a shop at Kendal during the Civil Wars in the days of Charles I., and was the mother of nine children at the time when the unfortunate monarch was executed (1649). An epitaph in All Saints' Church, Northampton, celebrates the name of a person who died in 1706 at the age of 126. A 'History of Virginia,' which gives a tough list of very aged persons in that state, includes the name of Wonder Booker, a slave who received the first of these two names because he was a

wonder; he worked in his master's garden till 117 years old, and died in 1819 at the age of 126, having been born in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Owen Tudor, who boasted of being descended from Henry VII., died at Llangollen, 1771, at the age of 127. This was also recorded as the age of John Newell, who died at Michaels-town in 1761; he claimed to be the grandson of the celebrated old Parr (of whom we shall speak presently). The 'Gentleman's Magazine' in 1772 recorded the death of Mr. Abraham Strodtman, at the age of 128. London claimed to have an inhabitant of the same age in 1724, in the person of Mrs. Jane Skrimshaw.

Another decade, embracing ages between 130 and 140, is not without its records in the pages of county histories and antiquarian publications. William Beatty, a soldier who had fought at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690, died in 1774 at the age of 130. Peter Garden figures in an engraving contained in the Perth Museum as having died in 1775 at the age of 131. Mrs. Keith, who died at Newnham in 1772 at the age of 133, left behind her three daughters, one of whom was a fair damsel of 109. Louis Mutel, a free negro in St. Lucia, was reputed to be 135 years old when he died in 1851; although he married so late in life as 55, he survived that event eighty years. 'Silliman's Journal' mentions one Henry Francisco in a more circumstantial manner than is usual in this class of records. He was born in 1686, left France in 1691, witnessed the coronation of Queen Anne in 1702, fought under Marlborough, then went to America, was wounded and taken prisoner during the American war, and was living near Albany in 1822, at the age of 136. The venerable age of 138 is put down for one Joan McDonagh, who died at Ennis, in Ireland, in 1768.

We may well suppose that lives of seven score must be few and far between, even when credulity comes to our aid. A parish register at Everton, Bedfordshire, mentions the Rev. Thomas Rudyard, vicar of that

parish, as having died at the age of 140 during the reign of Charles II. A negro, named Easter, is set down as having attained a like age in 1854. But the most famous instance was that of the Countess of Desmond—a subject of much and eager controversy. Whether such a person ever lived at all, and whether, if she lived, there is any really trustworthy evidence of her age, are questions which have been treated at full in no less important a work than the 'Quarterly Review.' The popular account, at all events, is, that she was born in the second half of the fifteenth century; that she married the Earl of Desmond in Edward IV.'s time; that she had three complete dentitions or sets of natural teeth during her long career; that she appeared at the court of James I. in 1614; and that she was wont to go to market on foot almost down to the day of her death at the age of 140.

But we have now to speak of venerable persons who are claimed to have exceeded the longevity even of the tough old Countess. A slab on the floor of Abbey Dore Church, Herefordshire, records the death of Elizabeth Lewis, in 1715, at the age of 141; and the parish register of Frodsham, in Cheshire, contains the name of Thomas Hough, who, if the Roman numerals are correct (CXL1), died at the same age. During a celebrated heraldic contest in 1385, between Lord Scrope and Sir Robert Grosvenor, it became important to obtain the oldest available living testimony concerning the holding of certain titles and insignia; and among the witnesses brought forward were Sir John Sully, aged 105, and especially John Thirlwall, an esquire of Northumberland, aged 145. Whether the judges had any doubt of the correctness of this alleged age we are not told. There are, considering the circumstances, remarkably full details concerning another veteran of 145, named Christian Jacobson Drachenberg. He was born in Sweden in 1626, lived chiefly as a sailor till 1694, and was then made a captive by Barbary corsairs. Being kept as a slave till 1710 he made his escape, and served again as a seaman till 1717, when

he was 91 years old. At the age of 106, being indignant at incredulity expressed concerning his age, he walked a long distance on purpose to procure a certificate of the year of his birth. In 1735 he was presented to the King of Denmark; and in 1737 he married—a brisk bridegroom of 109 to a blooming widow of 60! He walked about in the town of Aarhus in 1759 at the age of 133; but his eyelids hung down so completely over his eyes that he could not see. Thirteen more years were in store for him, seeing that he did not die till 1772, when he had completed his 145th year. The case was considered sufficiently important to deserve a place in Mr. Charles Knight's 'English Cyclopædia,' where there is an article on 'Drachenberg,' attributed to one of the most trustworthy of our literary men. In Boate and Molyneux's 'Natural History of Ireland' a notice occurs of Mr. Eckelstan, who was born in 1548, and died at Philipstown in 1696, figures which, if correct, denote an age of 148.

The number 150 is rather a suspicious one in these matters; for, being what is called a 'round' number, persons are often tempted to use it without much regard to strict accuracy. Francis Consitt, who had been a burthen to the parish of Malton during great part of his life, was said to be 150 when he died in 1768. Lywarch Hên (a Welshman apparently) had the same age imputed to him; as had likewise Sir Ralph Vernon, who was born towards the end of the thirteenth century, and lived nearly to the middle of the fifteenth. If the parish register of Minshall, in Cheshire, which says that one Thomas Damme lived to 'sevenscore and fourteen years,' is correct, this looks very much like 154. The most celebrated personage, however, who exceeded 150 years was that renowned Old Parr, who always seems to be making and taking 'life pills,' and whose portraits seem intended to show how vigorous and venerable we shall all become if we will only take the pills in question. The testimony as to Thomas Parr's age seems to be tolerably complete. He was born in

Shropshire in 1483, remained a bachelor till 80 years old, married in 1563, lived with this first wife thirty-two years, became a widower in 1595, married again in 1603 when he was 120 years old, and lived to see the year 1635. In that year the Earl of Arundel visited him, and was so struck by his appearance as to invite him to come to his town mansion. The old man found this lionizing too much for him; he was brought by very easy stages in a litter to London, with an 'antique-faced merry-andrew' to keep him cheerful on the way; but the fatigue, the crowds of visitors who came to see him, and the luxuries which were pressed upon him in London, carried him off at the wonderful age of 152. He was buried on November 15th, 1635, at Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory. When presented on one occasion to Charles I., the monarch said to him, 'You have lived longer than other men; what have you done more than other men?' To which Parr replied, 'I did penance when I was a hundred years old.' The truth even went beyond this statement; for he was guilty of a peccadillo when a hundred and five years of age, and did penance in a white sheet at the door of the parish church of Atterbury, his native village.

Shall we go beyond *eight score*? Let us see. There was one John Hovin, who died in 1741 at the alleged age of 172, and who left a widow destined to live till her 164th year. There was Tairville, who, if Martin's 'Description of the Western Isles' is to be relied on, died in the Shetland Isles at the age of 180. There was Peter Torton, who gained renown in 1724 as having survived till 185; and there was Jane Britton, who, as we are informed by the parish register of Evercreech, in Somerset, for 1588, 'was a maiden, as she affirmed, of 200 years.' Leaving this blushing maiden and her compeers, we may observe that the only well-authenticated case (if it is authenticated) of eight score and upwards was that of Henry Jenkins. He was born in the year 1501.

When a boy he carried a horse-load of arrows to Northallerton to be employed by the English army in resisting the invasion by James IV. of Scotland; and he lived to see the year 1670, when he died at Ellerton-upon-Swale, in Yorkshire, at the age of 169.

Now what are we to think of all these alleged cases of extreme old age? The grounds on which scepticism has been expressed concerning them are numerous. It has been pointed out that most of the instances are among the humbler classes of Scotch, Irish, and negroes, where registers and formal entries are but little attended to. The middle and upper classes, among whom authentic records are more plentiful, take but a small part in the marvels of longevity. 'Can actuaries,' it is asked, 'refer us to a single instance of an assured person living to a hundred and forty, thirty, twenty, ten, ay, to one hundred and ten?' The legal evidence is almost always deficient. If an entry of birth or baptism is found in a family Bible, there is no proof that it was written at the time of the event, or that the dates were correctly set down. In one case a clergyman, investigating an alleged instance of centenarianism, found that the Bible which contained the entry was only sixty years old, and that no other testimony was forthcoming. Registers of birth were not formally and legally established till after the year 1830; all such registers before that date were voluntary and therefore uncertain. Even parish registers are not always reliable, for many of them, giving the year of death, mention the age of the deceased but do not name the year of birth, so that there are not two dates to correct each other. Sometimes tombstones are re-chiseled to restore the half-decayed epitaphs; and then the village mason, puzzled at some of the partially-obliterated figures, makes a guess at them, and puts in the date or the age which seems to him nearest like the original. There is a tombstone in Conway churchyard recording the fact that Lowry Owens Vaughan died in 1766 at the age of 192, and that

her husband, William Vaughan, died in 1735 at the age of 72. Now a recent observer of the tombstone has remarked that the lady must (if this be true) have been nearly a hundred years old when William Vaughan married her; and as the figures on the stone have a rather freshly-cut appearance, he prefers the supposition that 192 was an incorrect recutting of an earlier incision. The 'Worcester Chronicle,' in 1852, drew attention to a tombstone in Cleve Prior churchyard which recorded the death of a person at the startling age of 309; this is supposed to have been an ignorant mason's way of expressing 39, that is 30 and 9—a kind of error not infrequent among the humbler classes. The 'Times' noticed in 1848 that the register of Shoreditch pariah contained an entry of Thomas Cam, who died in 1588 at the age of 207, having lived in twelve reigns. An investigator afterwards pointed out that Sir Henry Ellis, in his 'History of Shoreditch,' put down the age at 107; and an examination of the register elicited the fact that '1' had been altered to '2' quite recently by some mischievous person who probably wished to poke fun at the antiquaries. Instances of the following kind are known to have occurred. A young married couple have a son whom they name John, and who dies in infancy; twenty years afterwards another son receives the similar name of John; and then, in neighbours' gossip eighty years afterwards, one John becomes confounded with the other, and a man really eighty years old figures in popular repute as a centenarian. Some aged persons like to be considered older than they are, on account of the celebrity it gives them; and they do not shrink from a few 'crammers' to bring this about. The Rev. Mr. Fletcher, as he was called, who was first a farmer, then a soldier, then employed in the West India Docks, and then a Methodist local preacher, used to say that he was over a hundred years old: he drew great crowds to hear such a phenomenon preach. He probably believed himself to be as old as he said, and at his death his age was

recorded as 108; but a subsequent investigation showed that he was much less instead of much more than a centenarian. The writer of this paper knew of an old woman many years ago who obtained notoriety for being (in her own words) 'a hundred all but two,' and for being able to hold a sixpence horizontally between her nose and chin; but he doubts whether there was

any evidence of her age beyond her own assertion.

There can be no question that this kind of incredulity renders service, in so far as it induces more careful examination into the testimony for alleged facts of longevity. Nevertheless centenarianism (and a few years beyond the even hundred) rest on too many and too varied data to be quite overthrown.

THE LAY OF THE CRUSH ROOM.

HIE! Flunkys from Belgravia!
Tight Tigers from Pall Mall!
From far and near you'd best appear,
To meet the coming swell.
A blaze of jewell'd splendour,
Of panoply and pride,
All down the crimson staircase
Queen Fashion soon will glide.
From every side they gather,
From box as well as stall.
Here, 'midst the flounced commotion,
Persistent linkmen bawl;
Wigged coachmen lash their horses;
Lean, powdered footmen shout
Strange names along the crush room,—
The Opera's coming out!

Sweet maidens, fair as lilies,
O'er the Aubusson sweep;
Bent upon fascination
To-night, before they sleep;
See! chaperones preparing
For crushes and for balls,
And treats, in everlasting seats,
Against wax-lighted walls.
Awakened from their slumbers
Old gentlemen repair
To quiet 'rubs,' in cosy clubs,
Or comfortable chair.
Young prigs caress moustaches,
Old toadies wince with gout;
King Bore attends them to the door,—
The Opera's coming out!

Fond youth with tearful eyelid,
Proud girl with lips that play,
This crowd, which grows and gathers,
Will break and ebb away:
And then the words he whispered,
And she stood still to hear,
Will keep her—well—from sleeping,
And make him laugh next year.
Good night! and one is trembling.
Good night! and both in doubt,
Will all be well? Ah! who can tell?—
The Opera's coming out!

See how they mix together
 In scarcely elbow room :
 The grandson of the Duchess
 With the daughter of the groom !
 Fair necks with jewels glitter,
 Which envious glances meet ;
 Some furnished from Golconda,
 And some from Hanway Street !
 Roll upon roll, in masses
 Of hair, are heads arrayed,
 Which Nature has presented,
 Or drawn on the Arcade.
 The daughters sigh ; the mothers eye ;
 But still the linkmen shout,
 ' Queen Fashion's carriage stops the way,'—
 The Opera's coming out !

C. C.

